THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1924

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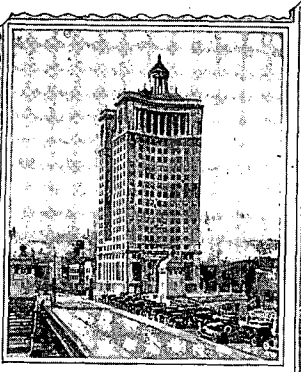

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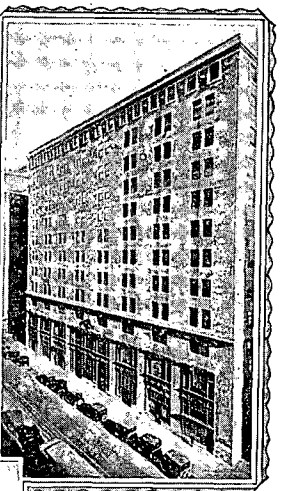

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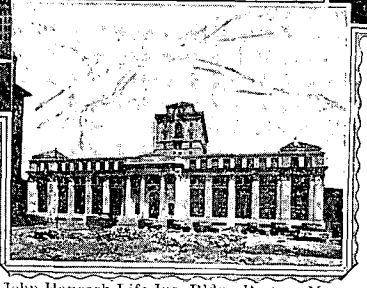

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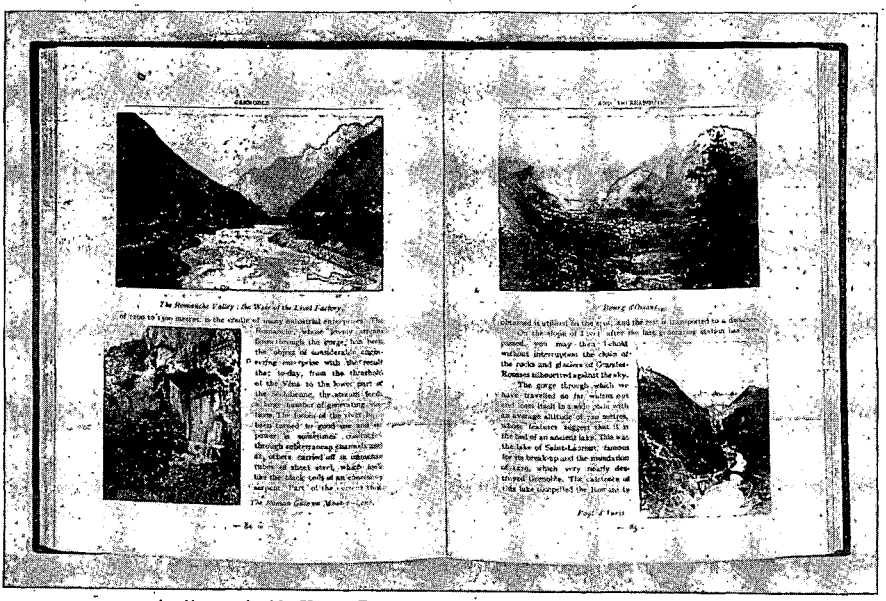

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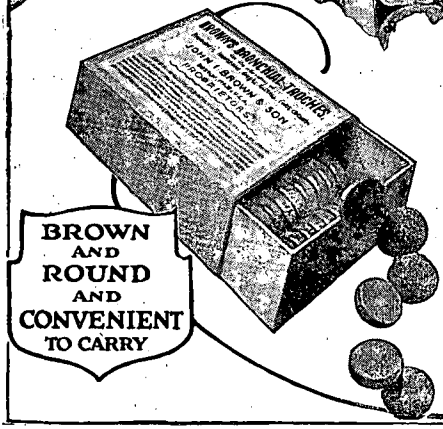

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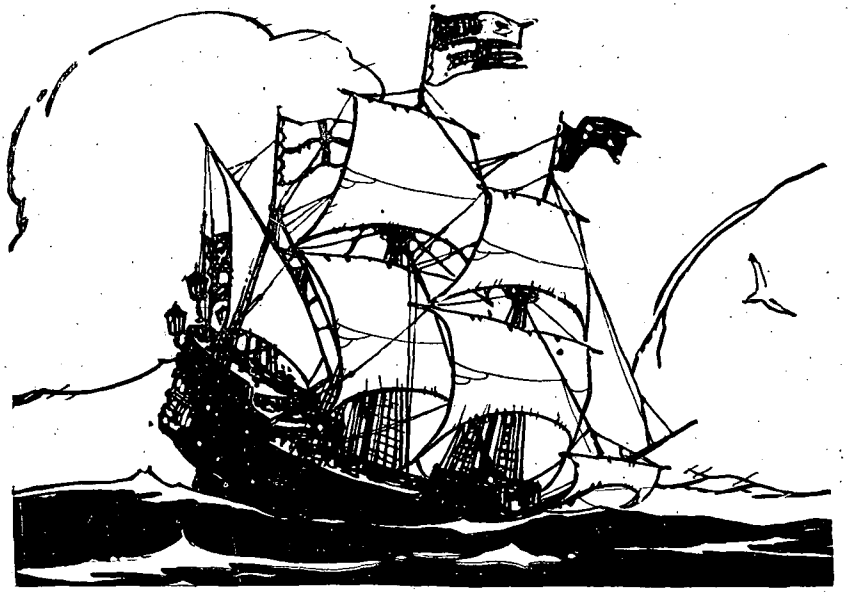

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This Week

Of course there are quite a number of Chinamen being killed around Shanghai when the weather is pleasant enough for a battle. The peasants, too, suffer vicarious inconveniences. But the correspondent of the *North China Herald* finds that the most dreadful aspect of the whole affair is that the skins of several foreigners have, at one time or another, been in actual danger.

* * *

England has turned a supercilious and Germany a Freudian eye in the direction of the two young gentlemen from Chicago who made the almost fatal error of devoting their lives to the pursuit of sensation for its own sake. It may seem odd that Leopold and Loeb should rub elbows with General Freiherr von Schoenaich and Mrs. Harold Sandwith in the pages of this family journal, but that is the kind of world we live in, and even the editor of the *Living Age* cannot alter it.

* * *

Bagaría, the Bud Fisher of Spain, took an imaginary trip to Mars, which he describes with a satirical pen. His pictures are even funnier than the text.

* * *

The Mandarin story is an old-time thriller with an English heroine and a Russian hero. The latter tells the story in English, and proves that he is a foreigner by invariably saying 'leetle,' although he has no difficulty with 'diplomatic' or 'insignificant.'

* * *

Gilbert Norwood has written a philosophic essay on the sorrows of being forty, when habits are exalted into ethics and the dainties of yesterday have become the food of to-day. Read it, and have a good cry when you are through.

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

SEVEN countries and three continents are represented in the articles that appear in the *Living Age's* monthly edition for November. **Bagaría,** cartoonist of the Madrid newspaper, *El Sol,* whose drawings have long been familiar to our readers, this month supplements his facile pencil with an equally dextrous pen. His ostensible description of the planet Mars is actually a satire on contemporary Spain. **General Freiherr von Schoenaich** is that *rarissima avis,* a pacifist general, who has lately been much in the news because of his pronouncements at the peace convention in Berlin.

Leo Herbst, a former plantation-manager in the Kamerun, who fought in the German colonial forces during the World War, has recently been touring Africa, making friends with his old foes and vividly reporting what he has seen. **Mrs. Harold Sandwith,** who also writes under the name Odette St. Lys, is a contributor to the English magazines. ¶A man of numerous talents, **Hugh E. M. Stutfield** is an English barrister-at-law who has traveled from Morocco to the Canadian Rockies, recording his adventures in his books, *El Magreb, The Brethren of Mount Atlas,* and *Climbs and Explorations in the Canadian Rockies.* As might be guessed from the titles, he is an enthusiastic mountaineer. He has written several books on other subjects, however, not to mention a volume of light verse.

Hilaire Belloc is almost everything. An ardent Catholic and a sworn ally of G. K. Chesterton, he is a theological polemist, an entertaining writer on public affairs, a literary critic, a poet, a deft writer of delightful nonsense-rimes for children, who during the war emerged as an exceptionally interesting military critic. Mr. Belloc's name, and the fact that long before the war he served in the French Army, have led to misunderstandings as to his nationality, which he set right a year or two ago in a controversy with Dean Inge. His father was half French and half Irish, his mother entirely English, of Warwickshire and Yorkshire stock. In his own words: 'I was brought over here when I was three weeks old; English is my mother tongue; I have learned French as a foreign language which I cannot yet always write correctly; I lived in English surroundings from my earliest recollections of home and school.'

Otto Kaus is a Viennese writer whose books include *Der Fall Gogol, Strindberg, Dostojewski und sein Schicksal,* and *Dostojewski.* Writing in the Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* he endeavors adroitly to offset the use that has been made of the Franks case by anti-Semitic journals abroad. **Gilbert Norwood,** Professor of Greek at University College, Cardiff, belongs to that race of British scholars so happily endowed with the gift of turning from laborious editions of the classics and learned disquisitions on Greek tragedy to gay and charming essays on the most modern of themes. He contributes to London magazines as well as to learned journals. A year or two ago he attracted especial attention with a comparison of Euripides and Bernard Shaw. ¶Another versatile Englishman is the **Reverend Victor L. Whitechurch,** Vicar of Aylesbury, who has written nine books, chiefly novels, — among them *The Canon's Dilemma, Off the Main Road,* and *Thrilling Stories of the Railway,* — and has contributed short stories to many English magazines. This, we believe, is his first American appearance.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 323 — *NOVEMBER 1, 1924* — NO. 4191

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN DISCUSSES RELIGION

Two religious gatherings of exceptional interest have just taken place in Great Britain: a Conference on Living Religions within the Empire, held at the Imperial Institute in London late in September; and the Annual Congress of the Church of England, which met at Oxford early in October. The discussions at the latter gathering, which were more directly pertinent to the religious life of our own country, were embraced under the general theme, 'The Church of To-morrow.' Reviewing the work of the early sessions editorially, the *Daily Telegraph* said: —

The Bishop of Ripon made some very pertinent observations on Tuesday, when he turned on those who now blame Bishop Wilberforce for certain passages — which time has turned to foolishness — in his celebrated attack on Huxley in 1869, and asked them what, as a matter of fact, the Bishop ought to have said at that particular stage of the evolution controversy. It is not as if all Huxley's contentions have been verified by further experience. The contrary is the case. The purely 'mechanistic philosophy' with which Huxley combined his advocacy of the evolution theory is so far from having been established that its now dwindling supporters seem to be fighting a losing battle. Most of the eager evolutionists of the sixties believed that Science and Religion were two irreconcilables. Science, in fact, was to inaugurate a new dispensation which should entirely supersede the old. It is sufficient to say that it has not done so, but in candor it must also be added that the irresistible influence of the scientific spirit has transformed many not unimportant aspects of religion and helped to rid the churches of vast quantities of useless and deleterious lumber. It follows, then, that the Church Congress of 1924 is as far removed in thought and outlook from the Congress of 1869 as would be a Congress of the present Unionist Party from that of the Tory Party of the same year.

The future of the Church naturally attracted attention to the opinions of the younger generation, and a number of young men were asked to address the Congress. A representative of Trinity College, Cambridge, said: —

Youth is very critical, and in its eyes no amount of churchgoing can atone for glaring inconsistencies of conduct. What are we to think when we see professing Christians gambling on the Stock Exchange,

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underpaying their employees, drawing revenues from slums? It seems to us that the Church has made its own the three pharisaical virtues of comfort, popularity, and success, and that seems strange to us as we read the Gospels. Can the Church not show us something of the spirit of the Cross? I do not mean the parsons — they are hard-working and self-sacrificing enough; but the ordinary Christians whom we meet at tea-parties and in business and on our holidays. Self-sacrifice is one of the few virtues we whole-heartedly appreciate. You cannot expect us to walk in a path where you are afraid to go yourselves.

Mr. Wood, President of the Oxford University English Church Union, criticized the hymns sung in the Church of England service. He said young men were frequently asked 'to sing the most amazing and most incredible sentiments — things which made them feel awkward and gave them that feeling at the back of the neck.' A lady speaker also objected that when people sang about being 'worms on earth' there was danger of their becoming such. The young men also laid stress upon the importance of social-welfare work in religious life. One speaker declared: —

Youth desires to take an active part in this campaign against poverty, ignorance, moral degradation. Youth should be made to feel that this is just as much 'church work' as distributing copies of the parish magazines. The young trade-unionist should be made to feel that in attending his branch meetings regularly he is serving his fellow-workers. Political parties and industrial organizations, borough councils, and boards of guardians, care committees and infant-welfare centres, might provide the machinery, but the Church should provide the motive power and the Christian spirit in which all must be done.

Editorial comment upon this phase of the discussions varied from condescending approval to patronizing disapproval. The Labor *Daily Herald* found most of the contentions of the young men justified: —

It is one of the great facts of life to-day that everywhere it is openly said that the churches, as a whole, have no message which can grip the mind or heart of the young and of the active. That is the problem the churches have to face, and to resent criticism from whatever quarter it may come is to act like the ostrich of the story.

On the other hand, the Tory *Morning Post* believes that young men are apt to approach their relations to the Church from an entirely wrong angle: —

It would seem that youth asks a good deal. Various students fluently indicated what, in their view, were the defects of the Church, and why it failed to minister to their needs. It is perhaps natural that young people should consider it to be the duty of the Church, as of other institutions, to fulfill their desires. There is something a trifle illogical in the spectacle of young men and young women sitting at ease and complaining that the Church has not succeeded in winning their allegiance. It might indeed be suggested that there is just a possibility that the loss may not be all on the side of the Church. For, if the institution of the Church — of the Church of England or any other of the churches of Christendom — means anything, it means that the doctrine and the scheme of ethics of which the Church is the vehicle transcend in importance all other considerations whatsoever. Is it not then a somewhat remarkable complaint that the message of Christianity is presented in a form which the young men and the young women of to-day find unsuited to their tastes and temperament? Are there no risks involved in placidly rejecting what in substance is not merely an invitation, but a command?

The Liberal *Westminster Gazette*, in an editorial entitled 'The Undergraduate Way,' thus summarized the situation from a middle ground: —

Most undergraduates of the older universities go through many phases of political and religious belief, from violent

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revolution to cynical reaction and from virulent freethinking to mystical neo-Catholicism. Yet the world swallows them up and they enter society as lawyers, journalists, or clerics of the most orthodox propriety of conduct and belief. Two of the debaters in a famous discussion at Cambridge, when there was a narrow vote on the subject of whether the churches had done more harm than good to society, make public opinion in several of our most influential daily, weekly, and monthly journals. So we must not take too seriously the *obiter dicta* of the undergraduates who were allowed to explode their aphorisms on religion at the Church Congress at Oxford yesterday. The complaint of one of them that we find 'the congregation of Christians a hotbed of intrigue, backbiting, and all uncharitableness' was only paying tribute to the fact that churchmanship does not argue perfectibility of character. It recalls one of the best of G. K. Chesterton's epigrams: that Christianity had not failed, because it had never been properly tried.

There was perhaps more force in Mr. Neill's complaint that the Church 'has made its own the three pharisaical virtues of comfort, popularity, and success,' for it is undoubtedly true that in the past Christians have not been asked to live bravely, but to seek security in negative virtues under a respectable staidness of life. But there are indications that the newer theology — which is delving perhaps too deeply into the sewery recesses of the subconscious mind — is more concerned about making souls worth saving and in bringing pity into the judgment of the common frailties of mankind, than in making religion dependent upon ecclesiastical formularies and dogmas that science has made untenable. The real Devil of to-day is to be found in the super-organization of society and the possibility that lethal chemistry may destroy civilized man *en masse* in another great war; and the acid test of the churches is whether they can exorcise this new Satan.

Christianity and Judaism were excluded from the Conference on Living Religions within the Empire because the object of that gathering was to familiarize people with the less-known beliefs that are held by a majority of the people who live under the British flag. Papers were presented on Hinduism, Islamism, Buddhism, Parsiism, Jainism, Sikhism, and Sufism; more modern movements, like the Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Samaj, and the Bahai Cause; Taoism and Confucianism, which have many followers in Burma, Hongkong, and the Malay Peninsula; and some of the primitive religions and religious beliefs of Africa and the Pacific Islands. Speaking for Hinduism, Pundit Shyam Shankar said: —

Hinduism is not the outcome of one preacher or of one gospel. The seers who received the revelation did not pretend to have a thorough knowledge of the mysterious power in the universe. It is admitted to be indefinable, unknowable, and indescribable. The Hindus have all the conceptions of divinity, and are free to adopt any form of worship. The one central doctrine is that of karma, which regulates the reincarnation and transmigration of the soul. Hinduism is a genus religion, of which many other religions are the species. It is not necessary for a Hindu to profess any faith, and he can remain a Hindu even though outcasted by his own community. The teaching may be summed up in the injuction to 'be good and do good.' In its most simple form, Hinduism is charity, or philanthropy.

A Parsi high priest of Deccan thus outlined the teachings of Zoroaster: —

The Prophet enjoined purity in thought, word, and deed, and associated the worship of the Wise Lord with outward and visible fire as a symbol of the Divine. There is no place for asceticism in Parsi life; the spiritual interests of the individual as well as of society can best be served by remaining in the world and helping the poor and needy. A struggle against evil must be waged. Exertion, and not inertia, is the watchword of life. The precepts of Zoroaster are so approximate to enlightened modern thought that his teaching is fitted to be the universal religion.

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The doctrines of the Jains, who number over a million in India, besides a few English proselytes in London, were set forth in a paper by the Chief Justice of the State of Mysore. The cult avoids the mysticism that characterizes most religious beliefs of the East, and its central command is reverence for the sanctity of life in every form.

No one has a right to destroy life; everything has the right to live. It is recognized, however, that life thrives on life, and hence the injunction is, 'Do not destroy life, unless it is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of a higher kind of life.' This limits destruction to the lowest possible minimum — namely, to destruction for diet of vegetables and other things that have only one sense, that of touch, and that do not have the power of locomotion.

A picturesque leader of the Sufis from an obscure Punjab village described Sufism as a return to the primitive doctrines of Mohammed: —

Sufism is based on the love of God and the service of humanity. Though now and again Sufi teachers quote Jesus, Buddha, Socrates, and other great thinkers, this is only by way of additional support for the Koran and Moslem traditions. Renunciation in the sense of celibacy and monasticism was not countenanced by the great Sufis of old; nor was there warrant for the belief in transmigration and reincarnation; nor for heathenish practices, such as bowing and prostrating before men, or offering libations to dead saints.

The Brahmo Samaj was founded in 1828, and the grandfather of Rabindranath Tagore was associated with the movement.

It seeks to bring together men of all existing religious persuasions into a system of universal spiritual worship of the one true God. Followers of the faith believe that the religious condition of man is progressive, and in the existence of one supreme God, with moral attributes and intelligence befitting the Governor the of universe, and they worship Him alone. They do not believe in the incarnation. They believe in the immortality and progressive state of the soul and in a state of conscious existence after this life. Repentance is the only way to salvation. They believe in God's providential care, and avow that love toward Him and the doing of His work constitute worship.

Professor Pharwani declared that the Arya Samaj was the most vigorous of the reforming Hindu movements. At the present moment it has about half a million followers.

Among the principles of the Arya Samaj is that God is the primary cause of all truth, knowledge, and of everything known by its means. It holds that all actions should be conformable to virtue. Its primary object is to do good to the world by improving the physical, spiritual, social, and intellectual condition of mankind. It inculcates love, justice, and regard for merit, and urges the pursuit of the welfare of others as well as of one's own welfare. The movement is an offshoot of Hinduism, to protect it from the argumentative attacks of Christian missionaries.

The object of the Bahai Cause, according to Ruhi Afnan, its representative at the Conference, is to show that the only points of difference between religions are their external practices, which must necessarily be modified by changes in environment.

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IMMIGRATION AT GENEVA

FREE migration, free access to raw materials, and free entry to all markets, promise to form the basis of some future international bill of rights. There is no likelihood that these principles will be universally recognized for many years to come; but they were all placed on the agenda of the League Assembly, either explicitly or implicitly, by Japan's proposed amendment to the Arbitration Protocol adopted by that body,

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and now referred to its member Governments for ratification. All three questions touch upon the very nature of national sovereignty and domestic jurisdiction. Japan, supported by other nations underendowed with natural resources in proportion to their population, would place these matters under international control. Nations rich in natural resources would reserve such subjects for their own decision. The League adopted a compromise providing that a question held by the Permanent Court of International Justice or the Council of the League to be a matter solely within the domestic jurisdiction of a State might nevertheless be considered by the Council or Assembly. This enables such questions to be brought before the court of world opinion even though no positive pressure beyond moral duress is brought to bear upon either party to the contention.

Japan's object was to secure an agency of redress for what she considers her grievance against the United States on account of our Exclusion Law. Recognition of this fact led to some interesting observations in the European press. *Journal de Genève* said: 'This year, under the influence of various forces, among which we must reckon the fact that the long absence of the United States has taught Europe to get along without her, international politics have effected a complete change of front.' The League correspondent of *L'Ère Nouvelle*, the organ of the Party group now controlling the Government of France, expressed the same idea thus: 'After having followed a policy accommodated to the ideas of America, the League of Nations has this year adopted a course more especially European.'

The result was not altogether happy, because in neglecting America the Assembly was also overlooking world problems of the first order. *L'Europe Nouvelle*, which takes an international point of view in most matters of this sort, commented: —

> Possibly the European interests of the League have been very prominently asserted this September. But Asiatic problems are destined to be among the most important of the world. Japan, realizing this . . . threw down on the table of the League the portfolio of the Pacific, and quite properly, for the problems of the Far East are inseparable from the problems of Europe.

Japan's position was viewed sympathetically by most of the Continental Governments. *Journal de Genève* said that to sign the Protocol as originally drafted would mean, for Japan, 'renouncing forever the defense of her rights and delivering herself bound hand and foot to the caprices of California politics.'

M. Politis, representative of Greece, who proved to be one of the most brilliant speakers and thinkers at the Conference, and the representative of Belgium, were quite in sympathy with Japan's attitude, while the Brazilian Delegation, probably expressing the sentiment of most Latin-American countries, took the opposite position. France — whose interests are directly affected, for she is preparing to regulate immigration as strictly as any country, in fact, in a much more thorough-going manner than has been seriously considered in the United States, and she is involved in an irritating controversy with Italy over the rights of Italian immigrants in Tunis — gave Japan friendly aid to the extent of recognizing that an agency to prevent war must be able to deal with every conceivable question that may lead to war.

British opinion, with Dominion sentiment in view, was, upon the whole, unfavorable to Japan's contention.

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A NOTE OR TWO FOR TRAVELERS

DECEMBER opens the winter sport season in Switzerland. During the Christmas holidays the Oxford and Cambridge winter-sports teams and the British army ice-hockey team rendezvous at St. Moritz, where competitions, races, and an ice carnival will be held. There will also be an international ski-jumping competition at Davos on December 26. During the ten days preceding the Christmas holidays international ice-hockey matches will be played at Gstad, and matches for the championship of Eastern Switzerland will be played at St. Moritz.

The variety of climate that Europe manages to pack within a limited area is illustrated by the fact that simultaneously with these events there will be a professional's lawn-tennis tournament — from December 22 to December 28 — at the Metropole Lawn Tennis Club at Cannes, and an open tournament at the Beaulieu Lawn Tennis Club in the same place.

During the third week in December Bourg-en-Bresse holds an interesting semi-rustic jollification — the *Ébaudes*, revived some twenty-seven years ago, which have aroused much interest in France and have begun to attract the interest of curious visitors from beyond her frontiers. They are the fruit of a movement initiated and sustained, as most such movements are at first, by a single enthusiast, to preserve the folk-art of the peasantry. A troupe of peasant actors and actresses has been trained to reproduce, in farm scenery on the stage, but with great truth to life, the rustic, old-time festivities of the country people. A little booklet has been prepared containing the scores and words of the peasant songs and dances, and French translations of the patois text. The stage properties are old furniture and accessories brought in by the peasants for the occasion from their homes. The *Semaine*, which as yet preserves intact its unspoiled local character, occurs at the time of the Provincial Poultry Show.

PRO AND CON OF THE GENEVA PROTOCOL

[To the LEAGUE OF NATIONS] 'Madame, you waste your time. Olives won't grow at Geneva.' — *Figaro*

MARS. 'This Geneva business makes me sick.' — *Nebelspalter*

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SHANGHAI BATTLE SKETCHES

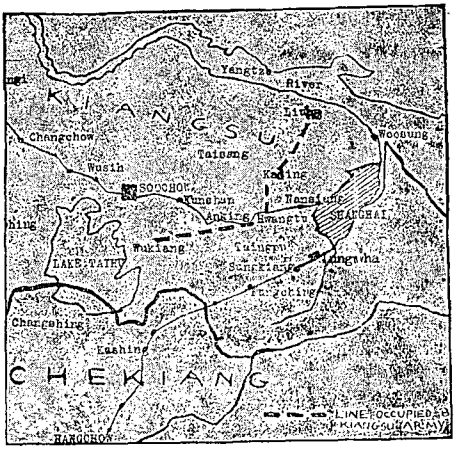
BY A CORRESPONDENT

From the *North China Herald, September* 13
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

[THE sketches that follow are a correspondent's notes made in the fighting zone during the early stages of the battle around Shanghai between the Chekiang forces defending the city and the Kiangsu troops backed by Wu Pei-fu, who were attempting to wrest its possession from Chang Tso-lin's southern allies.]

A FAIRLY good road — as roads outside the Settlement go — links Shanghai with Liuho, thirty miles northwest of the city, where the fighting has recently been heaviest. But it is difficult to persuade a Shanghai chauffeur that at the moment the Liuho road is a nice one to travel upon. He simply does n't like it. One had to be circumspect and suggest that Markham Road, or perhaps a little beyond, was the destination, but the 'littee more far' suggestion upset him, and he insisted on a safety-first device — appropriation of a Red Cross flag. 'Flagga blong velly strong,' said he, knowing nothing of the Geneva Convention but having a shrewd idea of its beneficence toward inoffensive chauffeurs, and the like. Great was his satisfaction when a Chinese doctor, in the uniform of the Red Cross, joined the party. The 'coat master' appeared to give him a decisive sense of security, and so he drove on. A flag, but not the Red Cross flag, appeared later. Its bearer was a humble postman whom we picked up on the edge of Chapei, a man faithful to duty and anxious to deliver his mail at Lotien, the village next to Liuho. Though his flag had no cross upon it, it was decorated with some fowl of the air symbolizing the speed of the service he so admirably served, and this pleased the chauffeur. It was a 'flagga,' and that was sufficient. We drove on.

Chapei seemed not to be unduly disturbed with a little war at its doorstep, and as one went farther along the road it became evident, judging by actual signs and portents, that there was little reason why it should be. There were many refugees, most of them people of the well-to-do class who could afford the use of a motor-car for transporting themselves and their more valuable family possessions into the safety



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of the Settlement; and there were more cars and one or two lorries bringing in wounded from the scene of action, the majority apparently only slightly wounded and others huddled up or stretched at full length upon the heavy jolting lorry — an agonizing ride.

As most of us know from experience, the dominant note of scenes 'behind the line' is anything but truly rural. Camps dotted about everywhere, great depots with vast quantities of stores, ammunition dumps, parks of artillery, aerodromes, troops everywhere on the move, fill the landscape and impress the beholder with the fact that war is a mighty business. But apparently not war in China, where distinctly they have a way of their own. In all the thirty-odd miles between Shanghai and Liuho there was not a sign of military activity beyond the sight of the un-

A Chekiang Doughboy

fortunate wounded who might, from all other signs of battle one observed, have come merely from an encounter with a few desperadoes of the Lincheng type. There were no patrols on the road, no reserves of troops, no preparation for a second line of defense should the troops holding Liuho be driven in. In appearance the country was as peaceful as it has been these many years since the Taipings rudely disturbed the neighborhood. The country people were going on with their work as usual, though perhaps in somewhat depleted number; and a fine crop there will be to gather unless the Liuho braves trample it down, which is not likely.

Incidentally, the peasant seems to have developed an extraordinarily complete determination not to have anything to do with the military. He is a neutral in the most absolute sense, and, if one may judge by his demeanor, would be extremely pleased if the soldiers would take their quarrel away to some other neighborhood. It was useless to try to get into conversation with any of these quiet tillers of the soil. The sight of a military uniform meant possible conscription, or some other form of military exaction; and thus it is that military uniforms on the Liuho road do not engage much of the simple rustic's admiring attention. We had occasion to speak to one, and our friend the Doctor thought it advisable to remove his military cap and coat; but even this expedient failed in its intended effect: the countryman kept on the move while answering a question or two, — looking back over his shoulder as he did so, — and was not to be drawn into anything approaching an intimate conversation. This simple incident, which may indicate the native's fear or caution or both, does serve to illustrate that, so far as the inhabitants of the district are concerned, neither their heart nor their interest is in 'the war.' They are a peaceful people, and the present trouble will but draw slightly upon their inexhaustible patience, one imagines.

So it was that, in the course of a journey of some seventy li, the sign of the ploughshare was more in evidence than that of the sword. . . .

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Yesterday there was intermittent fighting along the front from within a short distance of Anking to Kading, and the intensity of fire increased during the afternoon, when shells fell within a few hundred yards of Hwangtu railway station and the coolie workers there were scattered by rifle-fire. Troops returning for ammunition reported that there had been heavy fighting on the right of the line toward Kading and that the Chekiang forces had made some little advance. These men were in cheerful mood, and one of them volunteered the information that he, so to speak, did n't care a straw for shrapnel but had a very sincere dislike of machine-gun fire.

While all the farmhouses and cottages in this area are deserted, and have been occupied by troops and used as billets or temporary hospitals, it is noticeable that no property has been molested and that houses remain as they were left by their late occupants, with no more harm than a certain amount of inevitable disorder. . . .

A trip along the Liuho road or a visit to the base hospital brings home the appalling horrors of war. Hundreds of men are being brought back to Shanghai in motor-lorries and Red Cross motor-cars, their jaws blown away, a leg hanging loosely, an arm almost gone. Some are shot through the lungs, breathing their last on the way to relief.

Chekiang wounded, the results of the day's fighting, poured into the environs of the Settlement on Sunday afternoon, being brought in motor-cars of all descriptions from the scene of the fighting at Liuho. Red Cross ambulances carried the worst of the injured, while Ford cars and big two-ton trucks assisted, the rocking and jolting which the soldiers received in the latter being as severe as the wounds themselves.

Unofficial sources in the vicinity placed the number of combatants at 25,000, Kiangsu having the larger number with 16,000 and the defenders but 9000, of whom 6000 formed one section of the defense and 3000 composed still another group. Desultory firing seemed to keep both lines at a distance during the hotter portions of the day, but toward the latter part of the afternoon renewed efforts by both armies prevented any further succor to the stricken. Though it was impossible to get to the scene of action, a flanking movement preventing any further progress along the motor road to Liuho, telephonic communications to the Red Cross Station at Lotien, some 30 li from the battle front, indicated that but thirty or forty wounded lay in the fire of the armies — going to show that the aim of the Chinese soldier is none too good. When the order was given at night to cease firing these would undoubtably be brought in by the large staff of relief-men appointed to that purpose. . . .

Red Cross and Rice Bowl

At 4 P. M. the report came along the road toward Lotien that Chekiang was running short of ammunition, which was further substantiated by a few stragglers slowly strolling toward the south, though their cartridge-clips appeared to be fairly well filled, and the

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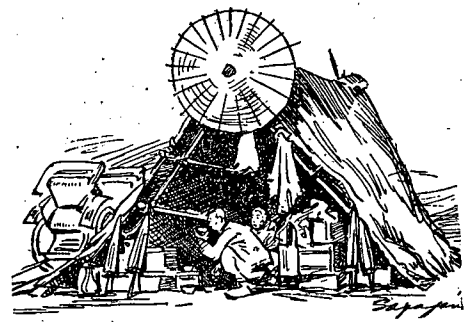
men idled with shells carried in their hands. Three motor-lorries of ammunition, with a few baskets of food, scurried along to the front with what seemed most welcome stores. A broken-down passenger car, pressed into service, contained six large cases of ammunition, the driver of the car making haste to repair his machine. At the village of Lotien the chief of the town had a group of about twenty recruits, most of them youths, assembled near the Red Cross station, and, exhorting them in fervid tones, urged that they should not fear death, it was an honor to die for their country; they should not turn their backs to the enemy, but should face them with no thoughts but of victory, mindless of the flying bullets and exploding shrapnel. The gray-coated youths, with yellow caps, looked at him pathetically, as though the whole exhortation were of matters not at all concerning them.

Chekiang soldiers held the northwestern to north part of Liuho, and Chi Hsieh-yuan's men attacked in mass directly to the northwest. The firing, steady though it was, appeared to have but little effect for the moment, but a flanking movement to the west and then to the south seemed to have its effect in the movement of small numbers to the rear. Two foreign gentlemen were able to get to the village during the earlier part of the afternoon, and by using the brick houses as a shield got quite close to the fighting itself, where rifle-fire, machine-guns, and bigger cannon were in action. Four motor-cars full of passengers — foreigners who had a nose for powder — came out later, but by reason of the flanking movement could not get within a quarter of a mile. Two of the cars, more daring than the others, slipped up another hundred yards, only to have bullets whiz past them into the earth beyond. The leading car, a big seven-passenger Paige, stopped short and the driver made the shortest and quickest turn in the history of motoring on the Liuho road, and headed for Shanghai again. Bullets whizzed between the two machines. The first had not gone fifty yards when a large shrapnel shell burst immediately overhead, but more 'treading on the gas' soon had the machine out of range.



The Inevitable Umbrella

Another party stopped their cars and went on afoot, to what seemed still to be a safe spot, but the rifle-bullets, which buried themselves at their feet, one passing but four feet from a member of the group, sent them scampering back. The ditches alongside the road, still muddy, which the retreating soldiers during the five days' battle had used as a connecting trench, were the best objectives in sight, and a lady and a well-known Shanghai professional man jumped in and, getting near the ground, hurried to the zone of no-fire. Along the road for several hundreds of yards spent bullets and fresh shells, clips and accoutrements, were to be found; the former, used by the Northern men, were of a larger size and weight than the latter, unused, which had been thrown away by the men from Chekiang. . . .

Characteristic of the Chinese, the postman with his country unbrella was making his way round the region, his bag in one hand and a large flag with

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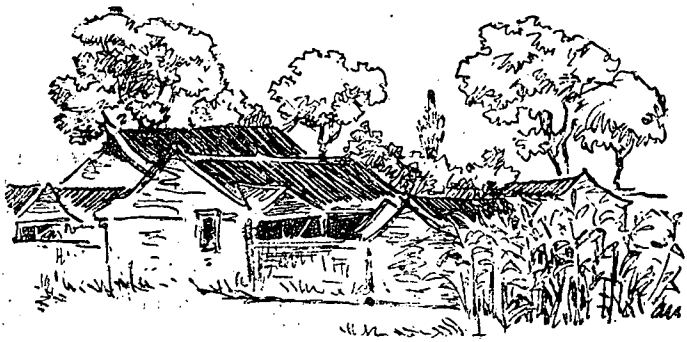
'Postes' written on it in the other, continuing to go forward to his destination through the firing.

A word of warning to foreigners. It is dangerous to proceed on the road to Liuho. There is firing which crosses the way, and for one to indulge in the pleasantry of trying to witness a Chinese war is, in the opinion of all those who came in the five cars yesterday, sheer folly, with nothing to be gained by the manœuvre. Shrapnel and rifle-bullets make it dangerous. It was sheer good fortune that several foreigners were not killed yesterday.



A Deserted Farmstead

LETTERS FROM MARS

BY BAGARÍA

From *El Sol*, *August* 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 23, 25
(Madrid Liberal Daily)

[Bagaría, the world-famous cartoonist of *El Sol*, probably finding that time hangs heavily on his hands during the strict political censorship in Spain, took a brief vacation on Mars, if we may believe his own accounts, at the time when that planet was — relatively — close to the earth last August. We print below extracts from the letters and some of the sketches which he sent to his journal from our astral neighbor. It is not necessary to read between the lines, for every line is itself a daring satire on present conditions in Spain.]

Mars, *August* 14. — Dear Editor: Pardon this delay. It is not my fault. As you well understand, since the censorship my pinions have been clipped. I owe my belated arrival here to that, for I could not soar with my usual speed and ease. Another reason is that when I landed on Mars I encountered a queer race of creatures, as you will see by the adjoined sketch. A *Pickelhaube* spike grows from the crown of

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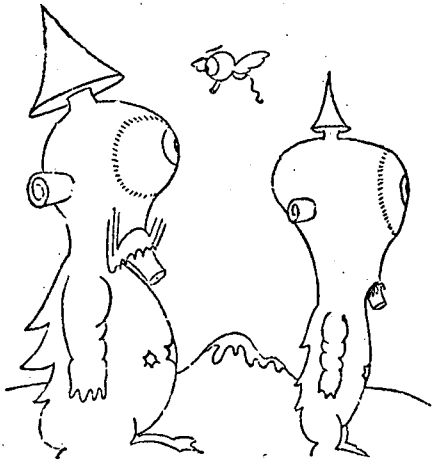
each one's head, symbolical of his Martial origin. These spikes vary in size according to the importance of the individual.



'A Pickelhaube spike'

One of these creatures in a uniform approached and asked me where I came from. Naturally I told him from the earth, and showed him my credentials as a representative of *El Sol*. 'Your statement does not agree with your passport,' said he. 'Your papers say that you are from the sun.' I had a dreadful time convincing him that I was right, but finally fixed the matter up, as we do at home in Spain.

My first concern was to ascertain how I could send you my dispatches and my familiar telegram: 'Remit funds.' This official, who had now become very obliging, gave me the desired information. It is a complicated procedure that I shall not try to explain, because only Isaac Newton could understand it. My new friend then called a taxi-tank for me, which carried me at a rapid rate to a hotel. We crossed a great number of streets — dreadfully monotonous, every building a barracks. At length I arrived here. I have a very comfortable room in my present hostelry.

August 15. — Dear Editor: Rising early, contrary to my custom, I asked the bellboy to bring me a newspaper. He did not do so, for the simple reason that none is published here. I asked why, and he told me that a censorship has existed in Mars for several centuries, and the newspapers consequently became so dull that people would no longer read them. So they stopped publication for lack of subscribers.

Not knowing how to amuse myself, I decided to try my favorite sport — fly-fishing. Directing my steps to one of the canals that have caused so much controversy among our astronomers, I prepared my tackle, with a curious Martian watching me, and soon caught a fine specimen of the finny tribe.

After spending the morning thus, I gave my fish to the curious Martian, for I was not sure that it was edible, and made an appointment to call on the President of the Martian Directory.

I greeted him in the name of our planet and our newspaper. He thanked me gravely, and sent his greetings to

'A fine specimen of the finny tribe'

you. As my object was to obtain an interview, I asked: 'Can you tell me briefly how the government here is run?'

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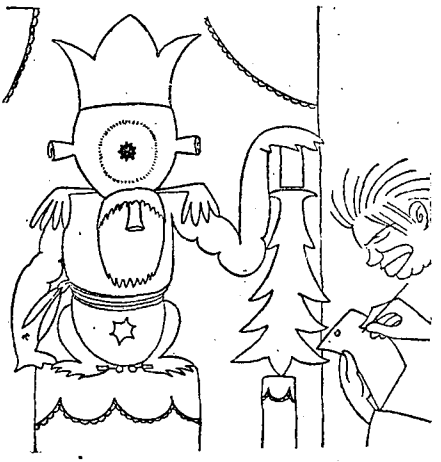
'Very simply. You must understand that ninety per cent of the population of Mars are soldiers, and we compel the rest to work. Sometimes they revolt and form juntas of defense, but we suppress them promptly. Our only trouble is that our administrations never last more than three months. But a change of parties does not make much difference, because we all have the same idea, and follow the same programme — to make the laborer work.'



'To make the laborer work'

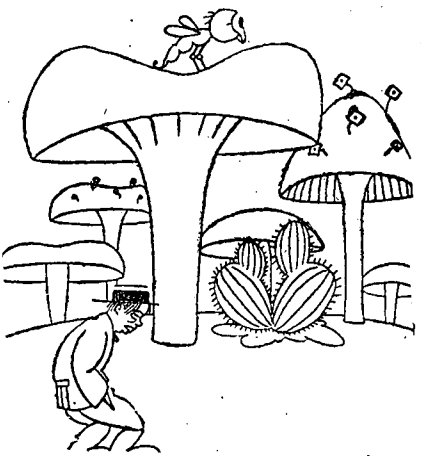
August 18. — Dear Editor: I have just been talking with Laborer 23,742. I asked him to take me some place where we could have a glass of beer. But, *ay de mi!* they don't have beer in Mars. I am so wrought up over it that I'm not sure that I can wait until the twenty-third, when I plan to return. But I have no choice; I must put up with the situation and do my duty. Let me tell you what my friend No. 23,742 told me. It shows that the psychology of the inhabitants of different planets is very much alike.

He said that certain savage beasts haunt the Martian mountains and descend to prey upon the peaceful villages. They did so much damage that the Government decided to exterminate them. So it organized a special body of well-paid gendarmes to slaughter them. This body set about its work with great vigor. Its members were fêted everywhere they went, because the people were so gratified at being freed from this terror.

But this is not the end of the story. In the course of a few years the savage beasts were almost extinct. Thereupon the gendarmes, realizing that their jobs would be over when this occurred, held a meeting and unanimously resolved not to kill any more of them, but to see that they bred again.

I thanked No. 23,742 for his information, and told him that this was what happened on my planet. Official killers without anything to kill are like a doctor without microbes, a newspaper without scandals, and your humble servant without beer.

August 20. — Dear Editor: I am beginning to be bored to death. I spent most of last evening staring up longingly at the Earth. Viewed from Mars it looks like a luscious melon. Then I took a long stroll seeking some distraction. But every café and cabaret was silent, for they have early closing here. The streets were deserted. Not a solitary pedestrian was in sight.



'Walking in the Park'

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Finally I found a policeman whom I asked if he knew any place where I could get a drink.

'No, sir,' he answered, 'we are under a strict regimen. Our authorities abhor anything that looks like dissipation. Thanks to the stern discipline maintained by our Martian Director, who is a man of impeccable character, nothing is open at this hour.'

'Many thanks, officer.'

I directed my steps disconsolately toward my hotel. Shortly before reaching it I was startled to hear the sound of noisy merriment, feminine voices, and clinking glasses from a neighboring building. Curious to learn what this might mean, I approached stealthily and peeked through a slit in the window. There I saw a bevy of pretty Martian women fêting a jolly gentleman, pouring out sparkling wine

'Pretty Martian women fêting a jolly gentleman'

for him and evidently competing for his favor. I looked with increasing curiosity to see who this daring defier of the orders of the Government might be. Imagine my astonishment to discover that it was the Martian Director himself!

I am convinced that a person never fully appreciates his own planet until he visits another one. I spent all the morning walking in Mars Park, casting a dark shadow of gloom all around me. If I only had some newspapers! It is intolerably slow without them.

As I was dragging myself along in this morose state of mind, I met a celebrated Martian historian. He greeted me pleasantly, and invited me to accompany him to his home. I gladly accepted the invitation, especially since I wanted to learn more about the disappearance of the Martian press. We reached his house and he introduced me to the people who supported him — that is, his family — and after the usual greetings we withdrew to his study. When we were seated he asked me a number of questions about the history of the earth. I answered the best I could, and at the first opening inquired if there really were no papers whatever on Mars. I give here precisely what he said: —

'As you already know, 829 years and four months ago "previous censorship" was established in Mars — a happy day for the history of our planet. As if by enchantment, crimes, robberies, abductions, and public scandals ceased. The people of Mars realized for the first time how good and happy they were. Thereupon the inevitable happened. The people, discovering that they were good and happy and convinced that the cause of all their previous ills was the press, mobbed the newpaper offices. "Down with them!" shouted the furious crowds. "They, they alone are the cause of all our troubles." So they wrecked the editorial offices, destroyed the presses, killed the editors and their families, and completely wiped out the institution.'

August 22. — Dear Editor: I have just paid a parting visit to my friend the historian, who entertained me with a sumptuous dinner.

'When are you leaving?' he asked.

'To-morrow, sir, to-morrow.'

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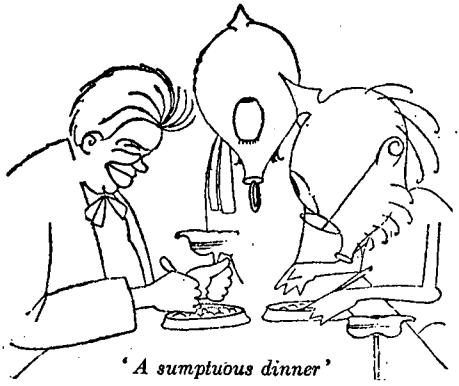
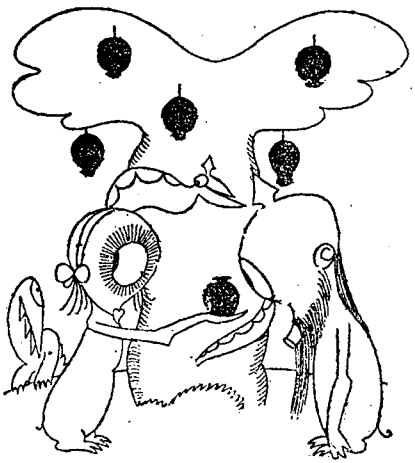


'A sumptuous dinner'

'It is very fortunate, for I have learned that the Director of Mars has received a request from the Earth to expel you. He is inclined to do so, because he does not wish another World War started through your fault. And now a piece of advice. If you want to be happy, devote yourself after this to drawing designs for sofa cushions and fans. That is the kind of work for a true patriot.'

I bade him adieu, and without losing any time drew the following Martian sofa-cushion pattern for my readers. It represents the temptation and fall in Mars. The reader can choose the fabrics and colors that please him — or her — best.

August 23. — Dear Editor: Hallelujah, I'll be with you soon! I am just leaving. I am taking flight for the Promised Land. I have said good-bye to a group of laborers and to my friend the historian. The farewell was brief. My friend commissioned me to tell the astronomers of my planet to improve their present opportunity to study Mars, for it will be departing rapidly, and though its approach was slow its withdrawal will be hasty. I learn that the Director of Mars has just read a famous book by H. G. Wells, relating how the Martians who visited the Earth fell victims to our terrestrial diseases, and for this reason he has given orders to put a safe distance between the two planets forthwith.



'The temptation and fall in Mars'

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THE WHAT AND WHY OF GERMAN MILITARISM

BY GENERAL FREIHERR VON SCHOENAICH, RETIRED

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, August* 23
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[WE print below a portion of a chapter from the book by General von Schoenaich which we mentioned in our issue of September 20. Its author figured prominently at the Pacifist Congress at Berlin last month. The passages quoted illuminate the sources of Germany's strength and weakness during the war, and are an unintentional contribution to the question of her war guilt.]

WHAT the world calls German militarism, and with a certain justice hates and reprehends, is largely a product of the three victorious wars Germany fought during the latter half of the last century, and of the era of economic expansion and prosperity that coincided with them and benefited for the time being almost every section of her people. Materialism naturally does not stop at the gates of the barracks.

The officer became the ideal of society. A sharp distinction was drawn within the officers' corps between the feudal and the less feudal regiments; and the distinction did not consist in the regiment's name alone, but far more in the inherited wealth of the officers. Many of these distinctions were very silly and deserved only ridicule, but the ridiculous is often more pernicious than a superficially graver evil. For example, the youngest lieutenants of the Breslau Cuirassiers were invariably knighted at the annual visit of the Kaiser, and thereby were given the same rank and honors that an evangelical clergyman received after forty years' continuous service. A lieutenant of the Guard, who was floor master at a court ball, received the same order, promulgated in the same military gazette, that a major of Engineers received for an epoch-making invention in bridge construction. Finance Minister von Scholtz, who during his military service as a young man attained only the rank of second color-sergeant in the Reserves, was personally promoted by the Kaiser to a lieutenancy in the Reserves. The calling-card of a famous scholar received its full consecration by having 'Captain of the Landwehr, Retired,' in one corner. Cabinet officers who were entitled to wear a military uniform on great occasions were intensely envied by their less fortunate colleagues.

These purely social distinctions had not yet seriously corrupted the army, as the World War abundantly showed. When face to face with death no line was drawn between the gentlemen of the Guard and their more plebeian comrades. But whether the germ of demoralization was not already present in the active service is a question I shall not pause to discuss. In any case it was an evil in the Reserve Officers' Corps, because there it became a channel through which these false social standards were communicated to the masses of the people.

Theoretically our old and apparently

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thoroughly sound army organization before the war was kept absolutely free of politics and political intrigue. But that was not possible in practice, because officers and men had many personal contacts with civilian circles. The political opinions of these circles, therefore, could hardly fail to react upon them. The Officers' Corps recruited itself, under the supervision of the commanding officers, by election. The selection of officers for higher positions was made by the Military Cabinet — a body responsible only to the War Lord. The monarch's advisers were practically all members of the old aristocracy. That aristocracy was ultra-Conservative in politics.

The result was that the old Officers' Corps, instead of being nonpolitical, was ultra-Conservative. That was in itself a serious evil, because the Conservatives generally — though not invariably — believed in unconditional obedience to the Kaiser.

This ultra-Conservative spirit was a still greater evil in the Reserve Officers' Corps, whose members in civilian life were more or less inevitably involved in politics. The Conservative old Officers' Corps insisted that the Reserve Officers should hold the same Conservative opinions that they themselves endorsed. Toryism thus became a social imperative, under the old régime, in both branches of the service.

A man of frankly Liberal views was often bluntly refused a Reserve Officer's commission. This encouraged political hypocricy and prevented free and independent political thinking in a very important section of the population.

This situation, bad enough in itself, was aggravated by conditions among the common soldiers. Although the latter were politically immature at the time of their compulsory service, they were actively wooed by all political parties. Their officers tried to make them Conservatives; the outside influences brought to bear upon them were mostly Socialistic. A spirit of opposition to the officers, which was very strong in the ranks, drove a great majority of the men into the Socialist camp; and our exaggerated system of drill and discipline did much to strengthen that movement. This gulf between the Conservative Officers' Corps and the Socialist rank and file, which already existed in the old army, was broadened and deepened during the war when millions of Socialists of a maturer age were placed under the command of callow, conceited young Conservative lieutenants.

The deepening of this division was exceedingly ominous for the country. If a more liberal spirit had animated our political institutions, this gulf might have been effectively closed. The Officers' Corps would have obediently shifted somewhat toward the Left, and the Socialists would have obediently moved toward the Right. The Officers' Reserve Corps might in that case have been the conciliating agency.

Both active and reserve officers were subject to a special code of honor — which was degenerating into a serious abuse. This code was gradually extended to the relations of these officers in civil life, where it set up standards in many ways inferior to universally accepted bourgeois ideas of honorable conduct. Military courts of honor showed a toleration verging on indulgence to men who had violated their sworn pledges of loyalty and fidelity; and they helped not a little to deepen the gulf between the people and the army.

Even more unfortunate were the numerous appointments of reserve officers to posts in every branch of the Civil Service. The official integrity of

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these men was naturally above question, but they introduced the military spirit in places where it did not belong. Both our domestic and our foreign policy came little by little to be guided by purely military canons — an evil which the peculiarity of our Constitution helped to foster. The Constitution withheld from Parliament all authority in respect to government appointments. These were made by the heads of the military and the civil Cabinets respectively, after direct consultation with the monarch. Our Cabinet chiefs were for the most part honest men, but they could not emancipate themselves from their political environment, and they instinctively gave preference to the military element. A Minister of Finance or a Minister of the Interior who persisted in opposing the army men was merely ignored and his functions were performed by the Cabinet chief. This was facilitated by the practice of having the head of the Cabinet remain with the monarch, whenever one of his ministers presented a proposal, after the minister had left the audience room. He was thus in a position to defeat the proposal if he so desired, and a situation was created that made weak ministers even weaker than they otherwise would have been.

Worst of all, however, was the position occupied by the Chief of the General Army Staff. This so-called 'Great General Staff' was not a public body in the current sense, but merely a group of the Chief's personal advisers. Nevertheless, it worked out all our military plans. The sole official involved who was directly responsible to Parliament was the Minister of War, and he learned only so much regarding these plans as the Chief of Staff thought fit. Now it is much easier to make plans than to accommodate them to the friction and emergencies of political life. Unquestionably, too, this way of dealing with great strategic questions had the advantage of the utmost secrecy. But with military influences so completely dominant as they were in our Government, this practice involved one supreme danger: it enabled officials who were not responsible to the country at large to draft plans so bold that they bordered on political madness.

That situation actually arose when a man like the younger Moltke was placed at the head of the General Staff. All that he had inherited from his uncle was a great name. Immediately under him, at a critical time, was Colonel Ludendorff, in charge of the all-important so-called Deployment Section. Moltke, who was an able technician, conceived the idea of overwhelming Liége with immobile brigades. This brilliantly conceived enterprise, akin to that which had been carried out with great daring and success by his far abler ancestor, laid the foundation of our defeat, because it arrayed half the world against us, and shattered faith in the inviolability of international agreements — with results that we are feeling to our own sorrow under the Treaty of Versailles.

That event falls within the province of this discussion only in so far as the Imperial Chancellor, who was constitutionally responsible for our foreign policy, submitted passively to military demands. This unconditional surrender by the civilian authorities to the military authorities continued throughout the war, and contributed to the hopelessness of our tragic disaster.

The central idea of this system was in itself right, for whatever a man does he should do with his whole heart. If a nation must fight a war, it must concentrate all the power of the nation on that single object, and this requires unified leadership. The error lies in overlooking the fact that the army

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should be merely an instrument for carrying out national policy. The shaping of that policy ought to be left to the political heads of the State, and the army should be subordinate to them, not the reverse, as unfortunately was the case with us. Worst of all, the dictatorship of the Higher Army Command was irresolute and inconsistent. The military leaders actually had supreme power in their hands, but when things went wrong they tried to shield themselves by putting forward the Chancellor as the ostensible helmsman of the State.

This ambiguous situation undermined confidence, both at home and abroad, in the honesty of our policies. It was in turn a result of the fact that the members of our General Staff, though they had some political intelligence, were not sufficiently grounded in statesmanship to handle its problems with confidence. Recognizing their own incompetency here, they were easily victimized by the politicians and business men who hastened to cluster around them.

The Higher Army Command made its power felt through various channels — partly in devious ways through the weak Kaiser, and partly by the regular route through an equally weak Chancellor.

The strong arm of our military rulers at home was the department commanders and the Army Press Office. Through these the people were excited with the intoxication of victory, which could be kept up for a time but was inevitably followed by a bad morning-after. Any man suspected of desiring peace with the enemy was regarded as a dangerous subject. Persecution of the pacifists at times assumed ridiculous forms. It is difficult to understand why foreign governments are so reticent on this subject. As matters stand, we can only guess whether the Army campaign against our peacemakers really prevented an earlier ending of the war. The Higher Command did not sabotage peace simply because it was bloodthirsty. It was possessed of the illusion that it could gain all it sought by force of arms, even though the whole world stood against us. If the army authorities had really believed that the peace-seekers were no more than idle dreamers, they would not have troubled themselves about them. By making them a special target, they confessed that they believed them dangerous, that they thought our enemies were ready to conclude a negotiated peace, and that they themselves were chasing the phantom of an unconditional victory.

Saddest of all, this complete misapprehension of the situation continued to delude our military leaders long after the impossibility of victory was clear to any but the blindest. As late as June 1918 our border guards were ordered to show every courtesy, indeed, to certain foreign pacifists who wished to go from Holland to Switzerland, but at the same time to prevent their crossing Germany.

We thus reach the irresistible conclusion that we owe our ruin to the supremacy of our military authorities over civilian authorities; and that is the very essence of militarism. In fact, German militarism simply committed suicide.

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MONGO MA LOBA

BY LEO HERBST

From *Kölnische Zeitung, June* 21, 25, 28, *July* 1, 3
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

The morning mist covers the Bight of Biafra with a soft, blue-gray haze. Atlanta and Æther melt into each other. Our steamer moves slowly forward at half speed, and the monotonous singsong of the leadsmen punctuates the silence. Dawn struggles silently with darkness. Gradually, as it grows lighter, a mighty violet giant emerges from the deep obscurity until it fills the whole horizon: Mongo ma Loba, the Mountain of the Gods.

Rapidly the air grows more transparent. A little peak rises from the water in front of us, like a moss-clad stump — the island of Mondola. On the left a line of jagged pinnacles projects from the surface of the sea — the Pirate Islands. A great bay opens ahead of us — glorious Victoria Bay in Kamerun.

This natural harbor, which was at one time an immense volcanic crater whose rim, rising above the ocean at points, forms the circlet of islands I have mentioned, is large enough to shelter all the navies of the world. The bright cottages of Victoria glimmer upon the shore. The snow-white church of the Paulist Mission shines like a charming miniature amid the slender coconut-palms of a tiny peninsula. A cluster of toy-like houses lies in a grove. The dark verdure of the plantations and of the virgin forest drapes like heavy satin the mountain slopes, to where Mongo ma Loba towers, seemingly almost within hand's reach, into the clear November air.

A man must throw back his head to get a complete view of the mammoth mountain. The lines where the virgin forest gives way to grassland, and where grassland ends in naked stone, are clearly visible. Lofty cliffs and precipices, rising from tropic heat to arctic cold, glow with a ruddy-golden blush in the morning sun. The summit, more than twelve thousand feet above the sea at the mountain's base, is often snow-capped for brief periods, but more frequently white fluffy haze hovers above it — the congealed breath of the fire demon that lurks in the monster's depths.

Victoria Bay is the most beautiful harbor in all Africa, and a man may travel the world around without finding a more picturesque and enchanting scene.

After nine years I again stand before my former bungalow under the coconut palms. The surf pounds on the beach before the door. Every stone, every inch of the grounds, greets me like an old friend. Yonder stand the Congo huts, here are the machinery sheds, there the offices and the manager's residence. Each old palm seems to nod a familiar greeting. The shrubbery I planted has grown tall and rank. The handsome new bungalow that I left is somewhat weathered now, and a

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strange stillness broods over everything.

As I stand wrapped in reverie, overcome by a flood of suddenly revived memories, a low incredulous voice half whispers behind me: 'Massa, massa, you live!'

It is my old cook, Ekeme. He stares at me as if I were a ghost, makes odd sounds of delighted surprise, and then stutters his astonishment.

Seated on the stone steps of the bungalow I listen while he recounts the local gossip of the last nine years. 'Where is Joja?' 'He die.' 'Where is Njume?' 'He die.' 'Where is Ndumba?' 'Me no sabe. He go for country.' 'And my hunter, Bakalle?' 'Big elephant kill him for de *Bunja*.'

Name after name flashes through my memory. Black faces long forgotten emerge from the hazy background of my mind. Bright visions of long ago stand out distinctly before me. How many, how surprisingly many, have departed for the happy hunting-grounds. 'He go for country.' How vividly that brings back the picture of native villages buried in the virgin forest weeks' journeying away.

In the evening the black boys who knew me come one after another to verify with boundless astonishment the fact that I am still alive. 'Massa, you live? You come back? You stop?' Bewildered, puzzled incredulity — they cannot understand it. 'De Kaiser?' How odd that question sounds today!

It is no easy task to answer all their questions, to make the blacks understand that I am here only for a visit; that I have only come to say that I am happy to be back in Kamerun and to see them all again. Old constabulary men turn up. They stand stiff at attention. Several have joined the English police and now serve in another uniform. 'Return to the forest as bush niggers? Impossible!' They have lived under military discipline too long.

I stroll along the beach road, now rather out of repair, to Victoria, and wander through the botanical garden. This is in good condition —a bower of fragrant blossoms. It is market day. A couple of fat, prosperous-looking mammies, wearing great folds of bright-colored calico wrapped around their massive bodies and white headcloths, come down the street, scuffling their slippers and chatting and gesticulating as they approach. Suddenly they stop and bump into each other. They stare at me with big eyes, then advance hesitatingly and ask: 'You no be them long cocomassa for Bota?'

I nod with a smile. I guess who they are. 'Na, mammy. You sabe me?'

Thereupon both drop their baskets, because they simply have to clap their hands above their heads. 'O he-e-e-e-e, O he-e-e-e-e!' The fat old aunties whirl around and around until their bright skirts stand out like wheels, clap their hands upon their knees, and singsong again: 'O he-e-e-e-e!'

When they have recovered their composure somewhat, we exchange a few words, and I continue on my way. But as I glance back I see them still standing in the same position, staring after me with bewildered incredulity.

I found Buëa, the mountain resort, as tidy as a pin, its streets in faultless condition, its hedges neatly trimmed, the roses in full bloom. The clean windowpanes of bright, freshly painted bungalows twinkled through the shrubbery, although most of the houses were unoccupied. Few Europeans are left in Buëa, and the office work is done entirely by black clerks. The secretaries and office chiefs are educated Gold Coast Negroes. I passed the post office and the Bismarck fountain. Every-

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thing was tidy and orderly. The round inscription on the fountain looks as if it were put there yesterday.

The English Resident assigned me No. 45, which used to be the house of our military surgeon, who fell in the war. I had brought bedding, a table, and chairs with me, and was quite prepared to make myself comfortable with my own resources. But when my carriage drew up sharply at the end of the street, in front of a garden hedge, two black boys were waiting at the entrance. One of them said: 'I am in charge of the buildings,' and rattled a big bunch of keys. He preceded me. The rooms were completely furnished; there was not a speck of dust anywhere; the windows fairly shone; the linoleum on the floor had been freshly washed; clean new mattresses were on the broad European beds; the water was running in the bathroom; and kindling wood was ready in the kitchen! I was merely asked to verify an inventory of the contents of the house.

Then another black appeared, who said to me in faultless school-German: 'I am the assistant superintendent of the farm, and have come to ask if the Major wishes fresh meat — to-morrow there is mutton, the next day pork — vegetables, eggs, milk, and cheese. We have fresh cream every other day.' I had to sit down for breath before giving my order, and began to wonder if I were not dreaming. Was this really Kamerun, which we were told in Germany had become a desert?

By the time I was well settled in my new quarters it was late in the afternoon. Mongo ma Loba, bathed in the declining sunlight, seemed to beam down a welcome to the first German she had seen since the war. How can I describe the marvelous play of colors about her summit and graceful slopes to one who has never beheld the beauty of these mighty, verdure-clothed mountains of the tropics? Purple, red, blue, green, yellow, violet shimmered in constantly changing tints and tones across her mighty front. Feathery strands of mist floated slowly out of moist jungle-filled gorges, rising until they mingled with the cloud-cap above.

Around me were the broad grounds and the cheerful, scattered bungalows of Buëa, and to the south, below the declivity on the edge of which my cottage stood, lay a bluish-green depth, illumined by the light of the setting sun, at the bottom of which lay an impenetrable mango swamp. Beyond shimmered the torrid plantations of Tiko and Missellele. I could see plainly through my telescope the big bungalow of the Prince Alfred plantation, where I once lived for several months, and recalled how wild elephants would sometimes invade the fields at night and destroy many acres of young crops in a few hours. Far beyond, across the great swamp forest, is a silver ribbon bordered by a few tiny white patches — the Kamerun River and Duala. The tricolor floats there.

My days at Buëa passed like a dream. The few Englishmen who reside there in administrative capacities were most friendly and thoughtful. They all knew that I had served with the German forces in Kamerun during the war and enjoyed discussing the campaign with me. The former Government House is occupied by the Resident, with whom I spent a delightful afternoon. It must be rather lonely in Buëa, for I do not think that more than six or eight white families reside permanently at this extensive bungalow resort. But there are many visitors from the low country and the fleet, who come up to get the benefit of the bracing mountain air.

Bibundi road runs through the plantation district, skirting the sea from Victoria to Idenau, where it gradually

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narrows into a native trail that branches off to the Bakviri villages. If the bridges were in good repair it would be traversable by automobile. Nothing is more glorious than to ride along a road like this in the early tropic dawn before the sun's heat has robbed the air of its morning freshness. All nature seems greedy to enjoy the moment. The road dips up and down over the last undulations, where the mountain meets the sea. Everywhere stretch broad fields of cacao, above which oil palms, solitary or in dense clusters, lift their graceful heads. Here and there a mighty cotton-tree towers aloft like a steeple. Between the cultivated tracts lie ribbons of untouched woodland, where great liana-draped forest-monarchs and dense thickets of undergrowth form an almost impenetrable wall. A restful morning peace broods over nature. The muffled roar of the surf reaches the ear from the distance, interrupted at intervals by the sound of a plantation gang chopping the weeds between the cacao trees. The long line of black laborers is invisible, but now and then the monitory 'Quick, quick!' of a European foreman can be heard. I pass black boys who salute courteously, and parties going to market — the husband in front and his heavy-burdened women plodding behind him with the curious, jolting toe-trot of the natives.

Here comes an odd character — a native in a shiny black frock-coat, brown shoes, standing collar, and straw hat. Blue glasses balance precariously on his flat nose, their black cord carefully passed over his right ear. Under his arm he carries a book and a magazine, and he is reading a second thick volume as he walks. I can see from a distance that the latter is a prayer book. As we draw nearer I discern in his breast pocket the conventional token of the educated black — a lead pencil, which here takes the place of our fountain pen, and is conspicuously displayed as a badge of literacy. The worthy fellow approaches, deeply immersed in his book, then lifts his dark-blue glasses toward me and salutes. I stop.

'Who are you?'

He closes the book and answers promptly: 'I am a teacher.'

I discover that he is a Baptist, and his name is Johannes Malimba. His magazine attracts my attention. He hands it to me with a self-complacent air, and I discover that it is a copy of *März* of the year 1908. The leading article is a cleverly written essay upon symptoms of decadence in French sculpture. All over the margin of every page is written in a big hand 'Johannes Malimba. Johannes Malimba.' The fellow speaks good German, with the inimitable accent of a Negro, and tells me that most of his people still speak our tongue, and many children are learning it.

This persistence of German in our former colony is quite remarkable. I have lately heard German popular songs sung evenings by black choruses, in a camp of Kamerun laborers on the island of Fernando Po.

The English have abolished all forms of contract labor in their possessions. Therefore black plantation-hands are free to leave their work at will. They cannot be compelled even to observe their voluntary promises. Consequently the planter never knows how many men will turn up for work in the morning. Since the Negroes are like children who obey the impulse of the moment, and moving is exceedingly easy, they are constantly changing about. Labor is so scarce that they are sure to find employment wherever they apply. A man will even go off and leave his back wages behind him; for his simple necessities are easily supplied, and things

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bought for money are luxuries that he can do without. This freedom, degenerating into licence, has not only converted the natives into unreliable seasonable workers, but it has changed many of them into tramps. . . .

After a long, wonderful ride, for the most part directly along the beach, I reached the district of Debunja, the wettest corner of Kamerun. It has an annual rainfall of nearly thirty feet, as compared, for instance, with less than twenty inches at Berlin. . . . A hothouse atmosphere constantly lies over Debunja. Whoever has lived there will never forget the humid languor of its moist sunshine, which is reflected from the heavy green verdure as if the vegetation shone with its own radiance, and the continuous drowsy hum of insects. It is like living next to a giant beehive. Now and then a big beautiful squirrel hops past, his fluffy fur glowing like a rainbow, and his shrewd, curious eyes staring at a human intruder with inquisitive surprise.

Yet let me relate what happened here only two years ago. I summarize the story, partly in my own words, from the diary of the plantation manager.

To-day, February 3, 1922, the scorching heat that we ordinarily associate with the tornado period lies like a stifling blanket over the forests and plantations of Mongo ma Loba. I am puzzled and uneasy. Are we to have a tornado at this unusual season? There is no wall of black clouds on the horizon. The dazzling white glow of the sun blinds the eyes. From the west I hear low rumbling, interrupted now and then by sharp, explosive sounds like heavy cannonading in the distance. This has been going on all day.

The sun set a bloody red ball in the Atlantic; dusk crept silently and softly close at its heels. As the blue-black tropic night enwrapped us, I was conscious of a light shudder of the earth, apparently proceeding toward Buëa. The black people have crept terrified into their huts; the jungle beasts are stiller than their wont. Mongo ma Loba is evidently astir. Her muttering and growling continue to break the otherwise tense night silence.

As I sat reading in my room this evening, I realized that I had been restless and distraught all day without exactly knowing why. My mind had not dwelt on earthquakes or similar catastrophes. I attributed my distress to the excessive heat. It has been almost unendurable, and I have been hoping for a miracle — a tornado out of season — to cool the air.

I glanced up from my book with a start, aware of a peculiar dizzy feeling. The house creaked and groaned, the wooden walls shook, the pictures hung a hand's breadth free of the partitions, and the hanging lamp swayed to and fro like a pendulum. Dishes clattered in the cupboard; a door swung back with a slam. From the blackness of the night outside came a dull sighing rustling sound, although not a breath of air was stirring.

I sprang up to rush out, but in a moment the thing was over. The pictures slapped back against the walls, the hanging lamp came slowly to rest, and everything again was silent. It was only a matter of seconds.

When I went out into the courtyard, it was perfectly still except for the sound like distant thunder that I had heard at intervals all day.

Early in the morning of February 4 an old Bakviri crept crouching into the yard. 'Massa, mountain talk!' An English physician whom he had served as guide had tried to ascend the mountain the day before, but had been forced to turn back because three craters suddenly opened on the west slope directly ahead of him, hurling great boulders

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into the air with a frightful noise. The old man trembled all over as he said: 'Massa, big juju make happy.'

Mongo ma Loba has often raged and thundered before, but this time she is more violent than ever. She is fearfully agitated after her long profound slumber. All day and night the sound of bombardment continued, as if the god-devil that the blacks believe dwells in her bowels was struggling to free himself. Meanwhile deep silence and anxious expectation lie like a pall over the whole countryside.

This disturbance and tumult continued until February 21. Earthquake shocks occurred daily. The furniture in my bungalow tips and dances, and the roots of the lofty cotton-trees groan and strain. A few decayed trunks standing in the neighboring forest have fallen. The lighthouse at Debunja sways back and forth. We fear a tidal wave.

In every terrified village of the district the medicine men are busy making magic and conjuring. They are more arrogant and powerful than ever. Meanwhile Christian converts are flocking to the missionaries. Christian or heathen, the natives seek refuge from the inscrutable mystery of the mountain under the protection of a Higher Power. . . .

At length, on February 21, after almost three weeks of premonitory disturbances, a fearful tornado swept down from the mountain into the valley, accompanied by thunder and rain. When it passed, the peak of the mountain was covered with a light blanket of snow. But this lasted only a short time. Then suddenly a perceptible shiver shot through the atmosphere. A veil cut off the glorious view of the summit, and a shower of thin black ashes fell over the whole region.

I rode out toward Bibundi and just before dusk witnessed a marvelous but awe-inspiring spectacle. The five great craters that have opened on the western slope of Mongo ma Loba vomited forth giant fountains of fire that must have easily reached a height of a thousand feet. From each flaming pinnacle rose a column of black smoke, like the foliage of a pine tree above the trunk. The column of fire beneath was reflected in a red glare from the lower side of the mushrooming smoke-clouds. Incandescent stones and boulders were thrown up to an incredible height, cutting the black smoke above with trails of fire. The whole country shook convulsively.

Then the earth was suddenly rent and a glowing mass of incandescent lava welled over the edge of the cavity and rolled down toward the valley — a perfect picture of Inferno. This fantastic fire-dragon twisted and writhed its way downward from the horrible chasm where it had lurked. A metre high and growing broader as it proceeded, it crept slowly forward, unwinding a longer and longer train of fire behind it. There was something terrifying in the steadiness with which it advanced. In a short time I saw its fiery head eating its way through the upper limit of the forest. Like a voracious woodworm it crawled on, consuming everything in its path. Great forest giants, many times the girth of a man, flared up like torches. Nothing stopped the oncoming monster's course. It rolled on and on, pausing a moment to surmount some obstacle, spreading out wider and wider, filling every stream-bed and gully in its path, swallowing with equal gusto jungle and fields won from the jungle by untold toil.

The rumbling thunder of the maddened mountain was audible far over the sea, and for five long months the fiery fountains cast their light across the broad waters to Fernando Po. The old familiar contours of the west-

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ern slope were completely changed. Boulder after boulder was hurled furiously into the forest depths until rocky mounds arose, over which sifted a heavy blanket of incandescent ashes. For several miles from the craters the undergrowth was utterly consumed, and impenetrable jungle was transformed into open country.

The ashes destroyed the cacao crop on the island of Fernando Po forty miles away, and they lay so heavy on the roofs of the houses at Debunja, six miles distant, that it was necessary to keep removing them to prevent the buildings from collapsing. Great, rank banana-leaves wilted and crumbled; palm trees lost their crowns. The narrow midribs of their leaves projected for a time like clusters of spear shafts until they themselves slowly turned to ashes and fell off. At intervals rain fell in torrents and washed everything clean, only to be followed by a new fall of ashes.

By February 24 the lava stream had reached the lower levels, where it advanced in a wall more than three thousand feet wide and fifteen or eighteen feet high. Along its edges was a bright illumination of burning forests; behind it, far up the mountainside, flamed the great fire-pillars, while the craters spat forth incandescent boulders that soared high in the air like roaring meteors, then plunged to the earth, and rolled down the declivities followed by a comet-train of sparks. The lava stream dove into the deep valley of Muleve Brook, filled it, and swept onward over a stone house, pausing long enough in its course to crush and melt a great iron bridge.

On the evening of March 8 the lava reached the coast and plunged into the waves amid a furious turmoil of hissing steam and seething sea. The sound of the tumult was audible for miles, and the steam formed clouds that fell in successive showers only a few minutes apart. When the lava struck the ocean it was three fourths of a mile wide. There it thrust out a peninsula a thousand feet long over which it still continued to flow.

The air was intolerably hot and humid, like that of an overheated Turkish bath. When I went out in a canoe to take the temperature of the water, I was enveloped in a cloud of steam. A kilometre from shore the mercury still stood at 104° F., in spite of the ocean's depth. A fisherman showed me two boiled fish which he had brought up in his net. He refused to be comforted by my suggestion that Providence had been so good as to cook them for him. He was terrified, indescribably terrified, by this freak of his fearful mountain-god.

Toward the end of March the lava flow began to subside and apparently came to a halt. Then, late in April, after a month's interruption, a new stream developed, which advanced in another direction, where it destroyed a large railway-bridge; and for more than four weeks thereafter the whole flow was incessantly in movement. At length, about the middle of May, the fire fountains above began to die down. A long fissure developed south of the crater field, where nine craters had now appeared, and a wall of fire could be seen along its entire length. Although the lava stream itself had ceased to move, jets of flame kept shooting forth from it, and the hardening slag on its surface tossed and danced like cakes of ice on a river during a spring freshet. Finally, about the end of June, the source of the flow seemed to have exhausted itself. No more fire was visible, the rumbling and explosions ceased, and the mountain relapsed into treacherous silence — the delusive silence of a feigned age-old petrifaction.

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ON THE ART OF READING

BY MRS. HAROLD SANDWITH

From the *English Review, October*
(London Conservative Monthly)

'Turn any young girl loose in a library,' says Ruskin somewhere, 'and you will find her instinctively choosing the best books.'

I am afraid if this arch-optimist and idealist were to come to life again he would not express himself with the same confidence.

We live in an age of theories. For centuries past this old world of ours has been content to build up its future on the experience of the past. A new spirit has swept over the twentieth century, and, like the wind sweeping over the loose and sandy surface of the rocky ground, it has swept off its feet the present generation in a wild and inconsistent search for new ideals, for short cuts to attain those ideals, while the stars of old move in their spheres and deviate not from their courses.

Side by side with the study of spiritualism, telepathy, with searchings into the occult, — mere surface excrescences, growths of the spirit, whose roots do not strike deep, — side by side with this artificial spirituality of cheap souls, there is spreading a film of materialism that is falling as a withering blight upon the tender shoots of the coming harvest, upon the rising generation.

Never, in the opinion of the superficially minded, has there been such stir, such activity, such searching for truth as in the present age. Never but in theory only. Never has there been such uprooting of accepted maxims, of established ideas and laws and conventions. The very churches no longer are mindful of the profound wisdom: 'Let both grow together until the harvest,' and many a priceless seedling has been uprooted in place of a weed.

Nowhere has this been more apparent than in the field of education. In the mad rush for advancement, for immediate results, educationalists have vied with each other in evolving new and strange theories for the training of the young. Wherever some unexpected success is observed, there your theorists fly off at a tangent, copying methods, applying external remedies to internal defects, watching anxiously for results, after the manner of the child who daily pulls up the cherished plant in his garden to assure himself of its growth.

While all around us the eternal laws of nature rule unchanging and unchanged, man, the mighty atom, has been endeavoring to fashion new laws, to adapt the spirit of the rising generation to his passing theories. Nothing is more characteristic of this than the handing over of the young from the hands of the parental influence to that of the State. Theory *versus* experience.

It is but natural that this change should be most marked in the New World, which of necessity lends itself more readily to experimentation, where no traditions have to be uprooted, no prejudices combated, but where the President of the great Common-

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wealth has nevertheless lately sounded a warning note which is not without significance.

'Good-bye to the Classics. Teachers' Council turns from Chaucer to the Best Sellers.' That is how the *New York Times* a few years ago announced the decision of the National Council of Teachers of English at Chicago that the curriculum should in future consist of 'equal parts of Alexandre Dumas, Jack London, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, with selections from De Maupassant for older pupils, and plenty of Kipling for all.'

Where, in a library stocked with mental food of this quality, may we ask, should the mind turn to find the 'best'? What sort of mental skyscraper could be erected upon such literary foundation? What conception of life, of its duties and its aims, its joy and suffering, could be obtained by the perusal of these authors? What citizens, think you, will thus be reared, what fathers and mothers for the generations to come?

But it is not only in schools and colleges that the change is noticeable as regards the literature considered suitable for the young. Parents who exercise the utmost care in the choice of food for their children, who superintend their daily meals, who at the slightest sign of indisposition call in a physician, these same parents would be much surprised if they were called to account for their neglect of their children's mental food.

True, many of them will see that no objectionable 'improper' books fall into the hands of their children, but their ideas as to what is improper are, to say the least, strange and contradictory. Few of them are aware that the most pernicious type of book is very frequently not the so-called 'improper' book, which may deal with the dark side of life and of human nature, but that it is the mediocre literature of the day, the indifferent, sentimental novel, such as is being turned out in thousands year by year, which constitutes the real danger, which vitiates the taste, dulls the intellect, lowers the ideal of life, and teaches us to seek and enjoy the company of the mediocre minds of those who are content to go through the daily routine of life without any idea of its possibilities and of its deeper meaning.

What books, then, may we ask, should form the mental diet of our children? For it is of these that we necessarily must think, since it is impossible almost to undo the harm a wrong training may have caused to the present generation. What books should a young girl of fifteen have read; what books should she be given to read?

This question suggested itself to the writer after having, on a sea voyage, been thrown into the company of a young English girl of seventeen, who had spent the last eight years of her life at a well-known ladies' college in England, who had studied French and German and Latin and mathematics, whose parents, living in the Colonies, had made the sacrifice of this prolonged separation in order to give their child the chance of a thorough education.

As far as school knowledge goes, the education had been thorough. But what was my amazement to find that as regards the well-known English, French, and German classics her mind was practically a blank. She had 'done' several Shakespeare plays, as well as some Chaucer and the *Faërie Queene*, with all their innumerable 'notes' and 'comments.' She knew the meaning of many an obsolete word and phrase, but she had never thought of Hamlet and Ophelia, of Romeo and Juliet, of King Lear and his daughters,

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as anything but Shakespeare's characters, to be studied and analyzed, and to form the literary stock of her mind. Literature to her was a subject, like geography and mathematics. That it is life itself, reflected through the minds of the geniuses of this world, of this she had no conception.

And was she so singular in this, after all?

That the characters created by the great dramatists and novelists of all ages are, or should be, our most constant companions, those with whom we exchange thoughts and feelings, from whom we take, more or less, our views and ideals of life, and that the choosing of second-rate and unworthy literature is nothing less than descending to the company of our inferiors — how many of us give this a serious thought?

Oh! that the spell might never break! That we might preserve our children from the realities of this world, like the chrysalis in the cocoon, until the moth is ready to spread its wings, until we can weave for them the silken threads of romance into the solid fabric of reality!

But, alas! the day comes all too soon when we must close for them the fairy book of romance and help them to trace their first clumsy letters in the book of life. The awakening must come. Let us be careful, then, when it does come that we destroy not the magic web which from the invisible fairyland spreads over this workaday world.

Let us beware lest we break too rudely these enchanted threads, and yet let us take care also that while we are, like Dædalus and Icarus, soaring into dreamland with our children, the wings of romance be securely fashioned and riveted with sound principle and strong sentiment, lest, in the bright sunlight of reality, artificial idealism and weak sentimentality melt away like wax, and, losing our wings, we fall and be engulfed in the shallow waters of another Hellespont.

For the Land of Romance lies not among the fairies only, it lies all about us in the tales and legends of history, in the chapters of chivalry and of romance, in the lays of antiquity, in the dramas of the present day.

And just as the early days of this world's history are lost in the mist of legend and of the lays of poets, and out of the mist they beckon to us, the heroes of old, the shadows of the great departed, so must legend and fact, fiction and truth, blending harmoniously with one another, form the foundation of the young mind, upon which we erect the storehouse of knowledge.

When the fairy books have been put away upon the nursery shelf, when Grimm and Andersen and the *Arabian Nights* have had their day, what should more fitly take their place than the ancient histories of the world? The stories of Zoroaster and of Gautama, of Egyptian dynasties, of Assyrian and Persian kings, leading up to the history of Troy, of Greece and Rome. History spreading out before the childish mind the map of the world, the chessboard of antiquity, upon which we move the chessmen from space to space in rotation, teaching unconsciously history and geography and literature all in one — ah, and art too, wandering among the Buddhist temples, the pyramids of the Pharaohs, the palaces and temples of ancient Greece and Rome.

How early you begin must depend upon the individual child. But when the fairy tales are laid aside and school life has begun, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, suitable extracts from Herodotus, Julius Cæsar, Pliny, and Josephus should naturally follow, side by side with the study of history, leading the young mind

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through the Middle Ages — with *Tales from Chaucer*, the *Faërie Queene*, Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare*, and such plays of Shakespeare's as *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Richard II*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Tempest*, *Romeo and Juliet* — to the romances of Walter Scott.

Who among us does not remember delightful evenings in the family circle, when *Quentin Durward*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, made history a reality — turned it from the dry-as-dust study of dates and facts of the schoolroom into a world of living men and women, of heroes and heroines who became our companions for life?

With Walter Scott, with Don Quixote, with the historical romances of the German Gustav Freitag — so little known, yet so delightful — we may fitly close the list of what a young girl of fifteen should have read.

'What!' some will exclaim, 'would you exclude all modern authors? The current literature for the young, the thousand and one novels written purposely for the boarding-school pupil?'

We would.

If the object of reading be to form the taste, to lay a sure foundation upon which to build, not only one's literary knowledge, but one's conception of life, — and in the opinion of the serious-minded this must be so, — then provide only the best, eliminate everything second-rate or inferior, even at the price of ignorance, for 'ignorance is bliss' indeed wherever the second-rate is concerned, in life as well as in literature.

A mind nurtured upon the standard works of literature of all countries and all ages, a mind accustomed to live in the company of those characters in history and literature which aimed at all that is highest and best, a mind imbued with the belief — fostered by such literature — that it is possible on this earth to realize our ideals, will not easily, either in its intellectual or real life, seek and enjoy the company of inferiors.

Thus by the mere choice of the best literature a twofold object will be accomplished.

But if it be essential to know what to read, it is equally important to how how to read.

The pressure of realism upon modern life is so great, pessimism and rationalism have so invaded the atmosphere of the present generation, the nursery-ground of the young, that it is no longer the rule, but the exception, for the child to turn, as Ruskin says, 'to the best' when left to its choice. Leave a boy or girl of twelve in a library full of the romances of Walter Scott and with a table littered with the detective stories or cheap fiction of the up-to-date magazine, and Ruskin would find himself disillusioned.

It would be unwise and unjust to expect the impossible, to expect the young mind, environed by the stress and strife of modern life, to seek refuge — like those for whom the evening of life has begun — in the serene atmosphere of bygone days. And to attempt to surround the young of the rising generation with an artificial atmosphere would be as fatal as launching the modern soldier into battle equipped with mediæval armor.

Therefore we say that Walter Scott — and this applies to all classical literature, ancient and modern — requires to be read aloud to be appreciated, to be understood by the young mind, so as to avoid the skipping of those descriptions which are the tedium and yet the education of the young. Certain passages of fiction and of history — the death of the three hundred in the Pass of Thermopylæ, the landing of William of Orange, Macaulay's description of London at the beginning of the seven-

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teenth century, certain scenes in *Quentin Durward* and *Old Mortality* and *The Heart of Midlothian* — who has not had these indelibly fixed in his mind by those quiet readings in his childhood days?

But, someone will object, this is an age for schools and colleges — not for the home. The day of the family circle is done, or all but done. If so — why so?

And here let us women strike our breasts. Let us open our eyes to look inward as well as outward — into our hearts and minds, and into the hearts and minds of our children. Perchance many of us may there find the answer and the solution.

And not the answer and the solution to this question only, but to the problem also of how to enlarge — and not enlarge only, but deepen also — woman's influence.

If we, who are the guardians of the young, whose privilege it is to suffer 'that a soul be born into the world,' whose greater privilege it is to prepare that newborn soul for its life's work, if we have realized our responsibility, and found our life's work in the training of the young mind, there will be no need for the asking of this perplexing question: What books should a young girl of fifteen read?

An intellect built up upon the foundation of all that is best in classical literature will continue to build upon this same foundation; a mind nurtured upon all that is elevating and inspiring will instinctively refuse the mediocre and inferior.

There will be no need to place a veto upon the second-rate fiction of the day, or to raise a warning voice against many of the works of our popular novelists, because a young girl accustomed to the atmosphere of master minds will not find — since she will not seek — in the works of these authors her conception of life and of human nature. She will, with the unerring taste of the intellectual gourmet, consign to them their proper place for the idle hours spent in a railway journey, or in some physician's waiting-room.

The young girl who has not only read, but has been taught how to read, and to discern, who has had placed before her day by day an ever higher ideal of life, of her duties and responsibilities as a woman, will not be led astray by cheap sentimentality, by false morality, by unreal realism — she will herself be able to pronounce the *Mene mene tekel upharsin* upon the prevailing literature of the day.

Only let us remember that at fifteen — standing upon the threshold of life — it is sunshine that tempts us out into the open. Let there be plenty of sunshine — a sunny outlook — in the literature we offer the young. Let us avoid the 'problem' book, until life's problems have presented themselves, and helped us to understand and appreciate authors who make a specialty of this type of book, which has its legitimate use as well.

Shakespeare, we say again, — and again Shakespeare, — and Ben Jonson and Marlowe and Sheridan; Corneille, Racine, Molière, Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Tasso, Calderon, and Cervantes; Lope de Vega, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller, and Grillparzer. Voltaire's tragedies and *Candide; Le mie prigioni*, by Silvio Pellico; *Promessi sposi*, by Manzoni; *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*, by Chateaubriand; *Causeries du lundi*, by Sainte-Beuve; *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Roderick Random*, *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, and *Tom Jones*.

'What!' some will exclaim. 'Smollett and Fielding for a young girl?'

'To the pure all things are pure.' And here let us observe that in classical

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works of this kind the healthy moral outlook, if idealism be wanting, the vigorous portrayal of real living men and women, with their good and evil characteristics, — not of anæmic modern heroes and heroines, — will far outweigh any occasional coarseness which in all probability will be passed by unheeded by an innocent mind. The picture of vice and virtue receiving their just reward has never yet corrupted the innocent. But let us remember, 'because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.'

The novels of Dickens and Thackeray, Jane Austen and the Brontës, George Eliot (though her works as late as possible), Bulwer Lytton, Beaconsfield, the romantic writings of the German Jean Paul Richter (a nineteenth-century Sterne as it were), Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* and *Père Goriot*, Loti's *Pêcheur d'islande*, *Madame Chrysanthème*, and *Mon frère Yves*, the dainty novels of Hedenstjerna, and last, not least, the master works of Gogol and of Ivan Turgenev.

Not Tolstoi, with his morbid self-analysis and often false and exaggerated idealism; not Tolstoi, but Turgenev, the Russian Thackeray — *The Diary of a Huntsman*, *Virgin Soil*, *A House of Gentlefolk*, *Smoke*, and *Spring Floods*.

Those who have lived in the company of master minds, those who have drunk deep at the source of knowledge of life and of human nature — what need will they have to be taught to know the true from the false?

And what strength and courage, what faith and hope, what solace and consolation will they find as they turn one by one the leaves of their own book of life!

Where is the woman who, remembering her own childhood days, so full of hopes and of promises, and looking back upon years of mixed joys and tears, seeing around her young hearts and minds full of possibilities, eager to be filled with all that is best and highest and noblest — where is the woman who would dare to stand up and affirm that woman's sphere is limited, that it requires enlarging, except within herself?

Mon but se perd dans les étoiles . . .
Je suis l'éternel féminin.

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NATURE MYSTICISM

BY HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD

From the *National Review, October*
(London Tory Monthly)

The religion of Nature is the oldest and perhaps the most enduring of all religions. 'Nature is loved by what is best in us'; whatever our beliefs may be, we must all believe in the dark goddess, Earth, and the mysterious life-divinity whose name in Latin signifies the Being who is about to be born — and, moreover, to be continually reborn. Nature is our mother to whom we owe our existence, a benefactress, austere but kind, who provides us with all good things but punishes us inexorably if we do not use her gifts rightly.

As we look at her work, 'we seem to catch a glance of a system in transition'; she is a farmer who turns her capital day by day, as Emerson tells us, and, 'like a cautious testator, ties up her estate so as not to bestow it all on one generation.' One thing passes into another; all things are in a continual state of flux. We find little trace of *semper eadem* in her practice or her teaching, but an endless procession, a continual becoming. For this reason the tillers of the soil, who live at the heart of Nature, are commonly mystics and rustic philosophers. There is no end to the questions she asks us, or makes us ask; she is a perpetual educator, and beneath the mutability of her expressions there is always the sense of an underlying permanence.

Nature-mysticism originally sprang from primitive theorizing about the natural forces which affect mankind, and some scholars hold that the Nature-worship which was the outcome of this type of mysticism among the Aryan peoples formed the foundation of the three great world-religions — Brahmanism, Zoroastrianism, and Christianity. Even now we are only partially acquainted with the processes of Nature: we do not yet know, for instance, what is natural and what is supernatural; and the precise nature of a 'miracle' has yet to be explained.

Primitive man began by seeing 'power everywhere — power vaguely apprehended but immanent, and as yet unclothed with supernatural or personal attributes' — a form of religion which may be called Naturism or Pre-Animism. Later on, these impersonal elemental forces of Nature were clothed with personal qualities and regarded as possessing powers which were directed by unseen beings, usually to the detriment of mankind. The conception next arose of personal individual gods whose enmity had to be placated with gifts and sacrifice. Such beings could not inspire love, and Nature was regarded with dread. Life, for the aboriginal, was one long nightmare; the terrors of the unseen dogged his footsteps and disturbed his dreams. He knew he could not cope with these irresistible forces, and the sense of his helplessness overwhelmed him.

Pondering over these things, ancient theosophists made a considerable advance on primitive theory. They con-

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sidered the world to be a huge animal united throughout its organism by secret sympathies, and they believed that the pious man of virtuous life might hold intercourse with it and fathom its mysteries. And to the virtues of holiness they would add knowledge: they dreamed of a day when mystical science, inspired from above and aided by benign celestial agencies, would be able to repel the malignant powers that were for ever conspiring against the peace of mankind.

But in the ancient world, with the possible exception of Greece in the heyday of her prosperity, and in the Dark Ages — that golden era of dirt, bacteria, ignorance, and crime — the element of fear long predominated over that of love in man's conception of the universe, and he had a very limited admiration for its processes and phenomena. He could not, as a rule, take an optimistic view of an external world that was the scene of so much cruelty and suffering. The unseen powers that directed it certainly did not inspire him with affection, because Nature was evidently no saint and the evil in her appeared to him greatly to outweigh the good.

On the other hand, there were certain men more spiritually minded, who recognized the beauty and harmony of the universe, but dared not dwell upon its perfections lest they should divert their souls from the contemplation of God. They did not need to seek God's footprints in Nature, they said, but preferred to find Him in the depths of their own souls.

Saint Augustine was one of the many mystics who deprecated an emotional attitude toward Nature, though he recognized in her an expression of the divine. Nor had the glories of the external world any charm for the beautiful, yet austere, mind of Pascal. 'The eternal silences of these infinite spaces' greatly terrified him, and inspired him with many poignant thoughts which he expressed in his own inimitable prose. He was a sick man when he wrote his *Pensées*. For him, as for every Jansenist, Nature — like man, and indeed all creation — was under a curse; the whole world presented itself to his suffering soul as a series of black cliffs threatening to topple over and crush him, fathomless abysses into which he fancied himself to be falling. We more fortunate moderns, less weighed down by the bogies of Augustinian theology which oppressed the great champion of Port Royal, are able to view the workings of Nature with more complacency.

As time went on, out of awe and wonder grew systematized reflection; men of superior mental and moral calibre followed Aristotle and other philosophers in the study of natural science, and, as knowledge grew, love and admiration of Nature followed in its train. The idea spread that such study and contemplation not only sharpened the wits, but had a purifying and disciplinary influence upon the human soul. Men learned to appreciate the symbolic value of natural objects. It was seen that the estrangement from Nature, her processes and laws, in the popular mind was a very grave mistake. Among the Greek philosophers a mythical or, as I should prefer to say, a mystical strain had been at work; the heavenly bodies were affirmed to be divinities. Aristotle thought that Nature, a living being, described a graduated series, a progressive transition, whereby matter rose into form, elements into plants, plants into animals, animals into human beings possessing individual souls.

The pastoral poets of later Greece loved Nature, and Lucretius regarded her with a species of divine delight and dread; but the romantic spirit, so

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common in our literature now, with its ardent love of earth and sea, was comparatively rare among the ancients. Gradually, however, Nature-mysticism became, here an æsthetic form of romanticism, there a spiritualizing of, or attempt to spiritualize, our impressions of material objects.

The romanticists, with Schelling as philosopher and Carlyle as prophet, invested the common objects of the natural world with the glamour of mysticism and informed them with a high moral significance. Myth and legend were transformed into allegorical truth, 'intuition' of a rather questionable order was crowned with a mystical halo, and there was much rhapsodizing about the transcendental and the Absolute. That highly susceptible Deist, Rousseau, the first Nature-sentimentalist and ancestor of romantic naturalism, found that Nature awakened in him a bewildering passion of unorthodox religiosity; scenes of beauty left him in transports of ecstasy that few mystics could hope to rival. One result of it all was that 'artistic' religion of the sensuously mystical type that Rome favors became the fashion, and the Curia reaped a rich harvest of converts.

In all this theorizing Nature, 'the time-vesture of the Eternal,' and so forth, played a conspicuous part. The religious mystics of early-mediæval Christianity, who derived most of their ideas from Alexandrian Neo-Platonism, obstinately closed, or professed to close, their eyes to all external things. The contemplative Nature-mystic of our day does exactly the opposite: he opens his eyes as wide as he can, and uses them to the best of his ability. His tendency is to dwell on the glory and goodness of Nature, the 'necessity of beauty' under which she lies, rather than to expatiate, as the ancients did, on her evil aspects. He takes his religion, as Emerson puts it, not from the catechism, but from his surroundings. The enchantments of Nature are for him 'medicinal'; they are 'quarantine powers' that sober and heal us. She is man's friend and sister, or else a mother in whose bosom he nestles and from whose body he receives nourishment for his soul and imagination.

If he is a pious man, he sees in her a mirror of Omnipotence, the screen of an unknown reality, a reflection of 'many-colored wisdom' and beneficence. He uses her as an instrument for conveying religious and ethical instruction, because, in his view, she is the language in which God expresses Himself concerning things invisible. Her works are types of spiritual existence; they bear the image and superscription of the Deity, which take in the intellectual world the place which the sun occupies in the sensible. Just as the moral life has its mystical and transcendental side, so Nature would appear to have a spiritual principle which partakes of the divine; if there is not exactly an identity, there is at any rate a close correspondence between the seen world and the unseen. 'Every good man,' says the English mystic, John Smith, quoted by Dean Inge, 'finds every place he treads upon holy ground; to him the world is God's temple.'

Renan, as he himself tells us, painted Nature by moral traits; and his great mentor of the seventeenth century, Fénelon, made her a text for elegant sermons slightly tinged with pedantry. The early Fathers had ideas concerning comets, those monstrous dragons that terrified humanity as they rushed through space shaking pestilences from their hair. In the eyes of the pious beholders they were not mere natural phenomena, but manifestations of divine wrath at humanity's misdeeds. But the scientific view eventually pre-

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vailed, and the workings of Nature's laboratory began to make their irresistible appeal to intellect as well as to imagination; the dreams of the study and the prophetic inspirations of one generation became the realities of the next, and taught fresh lessons to mankind. The religious instinct of the mystic taught him that external objects, though only shadows of the ideal, — yet linked with it, — might help him to gain some knowledge of what lay behind the veil of appearance.

> Spirit that lurks each form within
> Beckons to spirit of its kin;
> Self-kindled every atom glows,
> And hints the future which it owes.

Imbued with these notions, which to some people may savor of hyperpole, we of to-day find it difficult to realize how unattractive Nature was to the average man of olden time. In particular the mountains, which some of us love so dearly, were an abhorrence to him. He regarded them as stern, forbidding things, the natural abode of demons and other unpleasant creatures that shun the plains, the breeding-place of such terrifying portents as whirlwinds, waterspouts, and thunderstorms. Even so cultivated a person as Saint Augustine, watching from his villa at Casciago the sunset glow on the Pennines towering above Piedmont plains, was quite unmoved by the glories of the scene.

But in these days many of us positively worship the high and holy places which infuse spiritual exaltation. We do not shudder at them, as the ancients did: we want, on the contrary, to know them more intimately, to make the personal acquaintance of the dragons in glacial shape which our forefathers saw issuing from the caves in the rocks. The mountaineer loves the mountain, and, lover-like, he is apt to expand — as the reader of this chapter may perhaps think — with unnecessary prolixity on the perfections of his adorable mistress. He is not content, like Ruskin, to worship from afar, but demands closer contact with the object of his passion. The mountains, as Ruskin tells us, purify religious faith and stimulate religious enthusiasm. They also act as fuel to the fire of poetic imagination. Even in former ages they acted on occasion as man's spiritual centre in the material universe; from their slopes were delivered the Mosaic Law and the Christian Beatitudes.

Our best hopes and aspirations, our language and metaphors concerning what is holy and of good report, appear in terms of loftiness. Do we not see the artist and poet living in exalted isolation, 'proud and remote' upon the heights? The mystical explorers of spiritual altitudes frequently compared themselves to mountaineers. They figured life as one long climb, at one time by the rungs of the *scala perfectionis*, at another up the precipices of some transcendental peak. They sought to arrive at the topmost heights of consciousness, where the view from the summit should be the prospect of infinity.

'Steep and craggy is the path of the gods,' as I believe Porphyry observed. Thousands of pilgrims still climb holy mountains, such as Fuji Yama, with the zeal and devotion, if not with the technical accomplishment, displayed by members of the Alpine Club. Siva, Vishnu, Ormuzd, had their thrones on lofty peaks surrounded by the eternal snows. The Japanese, who are probably the most fervent Nature-lovers and Nature-worshipers in the world, have a special veneration for their mountains. Mr. Walter Weston, who has a thorough knowledge of the country, tells us that nearly every mountain summit has its own guardian divinity; and Fuji, the

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'matchless peak,' is the Peace-giver, the God, the Treasure. 'Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord?' asks the Psalmist; and only virtuous initiates were deemed worthy of the honor. But the true mystic's mountain is a 'mountain without summit,' the Peak of Perfection whereof the ascent is never perfected, 'the secret top of Horeb' cloaked in darkness, and hidden in mist and mystery that is never dispersed.

As an old mountaineer who has wandered in his time among unmapped hills and over untrodden passes, peaks, and glaciers, — but whose climbing days, alas! now are over, — I may perhaps be allowed to risk the charge of garrulity and to set down a few further reflections on the subject from a more personal standpoint. It has always seemed to me that the foundation of the true mountaineer's creed, like that of the mystic, is the belief that the essence of life lies in exploration. He has, in greater or lesser degree, that 'dim consciousness of the *beyond*' which, as Dean Inge truly says, is part of our nature as human beings. As he toils slowly up the slopes his thoughts dwell on the unknown possibilities lying on the other side. Each peak or pass in front of him is a gateway to the unseen, an introduction to some new and ampler world, and he wants to see over the ridge.

Nor are these by any means the limit of the more ardent climber's aspirations. Following the example of the ancient Greeks, he would convert his æsthetic emotions into virtuous dispositions — improve, not only his muscles, but his mind. Like Ibsen's Norwegian hero, out of the solitudes, among the fastnesses of the mountain wilderness, the wanderer learns the secret of living; through the mists on their flanks he discerns things seen but darkly before. In them, the noblest manifestations of Nature, the face of Deity may be descried. For cathedrals there are the massive white domes and slender rock-spires thrusting upwards to the sky; somewhere in the recesses of the everlasting snows a Holy of Holies must lie ensconced.

It is a true word that the aspect which Nature wears to the man who gazes upon her depends upon the mind of the observer; the light by which he sees comes out from his own soul. He must be in harmony with his surroundings and yield himself up sympathetically to them. A keen susceptibility must sharpen his perceptions, or his mind will not be receptive of Nature's appeal. And among the mountains, as it has always seemed to me, this necessary impressionability is heightened in a special degree. The air keen but light, the toil and dangers of the ascent, the grandeur of the surroundings, all combine to create a tension of the mental and bodily faculties. There are vast solitudes around us, yet we are not lonely; the great waste spaces with their fearful silence, the impressive forms of the mountains, the meeting of rock and cloudland on their summits, contain, we feel, something to which our own nature corresponds. They fortify, as it were, and enlarge our petty personalities. The immensity of the vision, suggesting some unknown hinterland lying beyond, overwhelms and bewilders us; the distant prospects whisper a message of infinity, and the Great Designer seems everywhere in evidence.

At one time we are impressed by the conjunction of scenes of mingled beauty and terror, where the terror predominates and we seem to get in touch with the spirits of the cloud and the storm. Awe and admiration mingle as we contemplate the majesty of a lofty black cliff, the rim of a thundercloud lit up by the sun's rays, or the exquisite blue of a deep crevasse in

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whose dark recesses death lurks. At another the spirits of the wilderness seem in good temper, show themselves polite to the traveler and do not resent his intrusion. Incommunicable forces speak to us in a language of their own that we can understand, and make us thoroughly at home. Nature is in gracious mood; and the heart makes a ready response to her, as to a friend and soul-mate to whom it can safely confide its secrets. There is sympathetic intelligence in the dancing sunlight and shadow; the kindly 'fairy folk' seem to be about us. We discern their faces among the rocks that a short time ago were scowling down upon us with a threatening air.

Those massive clouds over there, above the horizon, may be of such stuff as dreams are made of, but to us they are cheerful castles in the air, grand but hospitable palaces of space. The colors in the sky are as tints from the realm of ideality, clear images of the mind's best thought. All the cruelty and injustice, the anarchy and waste, of the universe are expunged from our consciousness. We cease to think of Nature as she is in the forests below, red in tooth and claw; we forget the lions who, roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God. Here we are on the confines of the visible and the invisible. Yonder, in the distance, earth touches the sky, and in the far-off mountain mists the material world melts into the great Beyond.

It may be said that all this is nothing more than 'materialism grown sentimental,' the picture-language of romantic pantheism, the elated mind or the overstrained body objectifying its visions, making Nature an echo of its own thoughts, and indulging itself in evanescent fervors. The critic may object, with Coleridge, that

> We may not hope from outward form to win
> The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

He may argue that such emotional relationship with the outside world is a thing of little value; and far be it from me to deny that the critic may be right. It may all be part of the kingdom of illusion; but man does not live by bread alone, but also by sentiment, by admiration, and — if you will have it so — by hallucination. Whether the alchemy be Nature's, or the product of our own fancies, it boots not to inquire; there it is all the same. It is a genuine transformation scene that we witness, be the methods of transformation what they may. Still let us dream our foolish dreams, if dreams they be. They are at any rate real to us, and for the time; they do not fade from our memory as the recollection of nocturnal visions fades.

A nightly vigil on some moonlit glacier, under the stars winking above the great peaks, creates a host of august and indelible impressions. In the deep red flush of the evening Alpine glow we yield ourselves to Nature's witchery: bathed in the sensuous magic of the hour, our spirits are at peace. In the going forth of the morning in robes of saffron upon the mountains — springing, as Emerson says of poetry, like the rainbow daughter of Wonder from the invisible — the pale glamour of dawn is as a faint reflection of a radiance not of this earth. At these and similar times the impression of a species of spiritual exaltation, some subtle kind of communion with the unseen world, may easily become an apprehension transcending that of the mere visionary's dream. One may say then, as was said of old time on another mountain-top, 'It is good for us to be here.'

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A PEDESTRIAN IN SPAIN

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

From the *Morning Post, August* 11–*September* 8
(London Tory Daily)

Of all the provinces of Christendom, Spain possesses most intensely that kind of unity and personality which come from a defined boundary. Things only are because they are one, and a city is most a city when it is sharply defined by a wall. Now the peninsula — although since the old Imperial times so many accidents have come to divide it within, to make of its western district a separate nation, to give Catalonia in the northeast a separate tradition, and to mark all the table-land and the Andalusian garden of the south with the scars of alien advance and retreat — has this geographical unity forever; it stands like a peninsular city reaching upon its isthmus to a wall, a wall running from sea to sea; and that wall is the very high, even line of the Pyrenees. You have no choice but to come to Spain by sea or across that strict boundary of the hills — it would be pedantic to speak of the little exceptions, the Val d'Aran, the Cerdagne, and so forth. The note of your entry always, unless you come by one of those ports of hers which are so charged with memories, is the passing of a wall.

I have entered Spain by many entries in the last twenty years: by Barcelona, coming from Africa and the Balearics; by Cadiz, coming in a little coastwise boat from Laraish, in Morocco; by the Bay of Santander; by Coruña and by Vigo; more often by the mountain roads — all of them — and again by the easy but high cols, such as the Bonaigo, which have no roads but tracks.

Whenever I so enter, whether by sea or by land, I find rising in me the same emotions as were provoked by my first glimpse of a new habit in houses and in men and of a new culture, unique in Europe, which came to me in that first voyage from Africa, when I was young. But most strongly does one feel the contrast and change, the interest of exploration and the appetite for the discovery of new things, the weight of the past, and — in my case at least — a strong and permanent inquiry of what is to come. Most strongly does one feel all those things when one passes into that proud, separate, and reserved world, not even by a path, nor by any entry commonly used, but alone through some chance passage of the hills, where, not without difficulty but without peril, the mountains may be crossed and an approach made to Aragon through one of her innumerable parched valleys.

I remember one such entry, also many years ago, — it was in 1907, — when I had worked my way over a notch of the hills from which one could scramble down at last on to the Gallego.

This is the best entry into Spain — to take alone any one of the many French valleys, to scramble up the steeps at the end, to pick one's way over the farther side, going down

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where it may be just possible to go down without falling, and to make a passage of one's own of two days and a night from a road to a road, from a main stream upon the north to one of the Ebro rivers, muddy water rolling past burnt banks under another and a more dangerous sun.

Such was that entry which I still so vividly remember, although it came long after I had enjoyed many others, by sea and by land. I had left the last village and the end of a road which had grown vague and was at last no more than a few cobbles covered with grass. It had dwindled into a path following the little stream, until that path also was lost in the meadowland of the height, and there was nothing more to guide me but the thin tumble of water and the shape of the rim upon the sky line beyond, 3000 feet above me.

The evening fell, with a great moon, and the night made the sound of the water louder, as it always does. There was a little wind in the trees which hung upon either side of the vale; before midnight it had died down, and I had then also come to the little tarn which, in so many of these places, is the head of the water, with nothing but dry, steep rocks above it, up to the edge of the main ridge. These, with the moon sailing beyond them to the south, were marble-dark and looked like what they were not — a precipice. I thought I would await daylight before I attempted them, and I lay down by the shore of the tarn to sleep.

The night was warm, even at that height, for it was early August, and the bare surfaces of these upland stones retain the heat of the day. I woke with the first dawn. Soon it was clear enough to see what the task was before me — simple enough, but tedious. There was no track and nothing to indicate where upon the farther side of the high circular ridge above me I should find my best chance of getting down to the water. What I had to do was to make for the lowest point of that ridge, — or what seemed to be the lowest point, for all was much the same height, — toiling painfully up a very steep surface, now loose, now firm, and finding ways round occasional steeps of rock. The business was long, though it was no very great height — no higher I dare say than the eastern face of Snowdon above the lake; before I had reached the summit the sun had risen, and as I set foot upon the narrow topmost ridge I saw its disc between the confused peaks to the east, and there was Aragon.

In the landscape below me and stretching so infinitely away — for between the shoulders of the foothills could just be caught the treeless plains — was the immensity of the past and the grave, profound appeal of Spain.

How often had I known that call; and yet, as I say, in that night and morning passage of the hills I felt it more strongly than ever before. I was to see those villages which seemed part of the brown earth, and each of which has been called impertinently a museum, but should be called, reverently, a shrine. I was once more to stand astonished at the amazing pillars of sandstone as high as mountains which take the traveler aback as he turns the corner of the valley at Riglos. I was to come upon the first of the great churches which continue and grow to this day, and are the centres of this people, having in their plan, in the details of their ornament, in the uncompromising national seclusion of the *coro*, — like an inner mystery everywhere, — the impress of something which is still of Europe and yet more individually itself than anything else of the West. For though it is a jest only that Africa begins with the Pyrenees, it is true that there begins with the

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Pyrenees a place sharply different from ours, in some things elder, in others younger, having suffered crucifixion, having re-arisen, subjected to every vicissitude of fortune and misfortune, of glory and of humiliation, of satisfaction and regret; but, above all, enduring and fed with an inward fire.

All Europe is hungry for kingship, for the restoration of responsible power, for the recovery of a government which cannot be bribed and which is stronger than secret finance on the one hand and demagogy on the other.

Now there is in Spain one town where, above all others, this spirit of kingship remains as a sort of inhabiting soul, always alive, built into the very stones of the place and haunting the mind of one who dwells in it and surveys the past and the future. That town is Segovia.

It stands on a great isolated island of rock, which it crowns, and the lines of which it gathers up into the lines of its Cathedral and great soaring tower. But it does not dominate the treeless, waterless, grassless, brown plateau of Castile. Though it is itself 3000 feet above the sea, yet it is somewhat lower than the immense empty plains to the north and west of it, and the citadel lifts up out of a hollow, dominating its own narrow sunken valley but not rising above the high plains beyond.

You come upon it suddenly enough, if you approach thus and see, all in one view, the town close at hand, not quite upon a level with the edge of the steppe which you had so long been tramping across alone. It is an astonishing vision. There thrusts out toward you, compared by a hundred tongues and pens to the prow of a ship, the graceful strength of the palace and the fortress, the Alcazar, which was the very heart of the kingship of Castile. To the left, the line of wall runs away along the edge of the rock, the town huddled within upon the uneven summit, and, at its highest point, the splendid mass of the Cathedral. The two torrents of the two ravines which bound that rock meet just below the stronghold of the Alcazar, which overhangs them — the Eresma to the north, to the south the well-named Clamores, a torrent which, when the snows of the Guadarrama are melting, fills all the gorge with its noise.

It is wise not to descend at once into the hollow, and approach the town by the nearer gate facing one from this west side, but to go round painfully toward the south of the city, where the bare land lifts upward to the first distant slopes of the mountains, and to muse from that point upon the packed mass of the city, built of rock on its rock foundation. There the abrupt island of granite is united with the high land to the east by the finest Roman aqueduct in Europe, which they say that Trajan made. It still brings the clear water of the Rio Frio — the cold stream — from the mountains into the town. The Mohammedans left it to ruin, as they left everything, they who destroyed the forests and left such permanent scars on all the countries of the Mediterranean; but at the end of the Middle Ages it was restored, and stands now complete, an immense series of arches, three stages high, huge blocks laid without mortar. The only thing I have seen to which it may be compared is the Pont du Gard.

Not this stamp and seal of Rome, which was built to stand forever; nor the Cathedral, which was the last movement of the Gothic before the Renaissance, the last expression of the Middle Ages — but the Alcazar holds the soul of Segovia; and *there* is kingship. While Aragon to the east was

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pushing back Islam and thrusting at the outpost of Saragossa, Castile swept in great rides over the burnt upland, finding in the Guadarrama a sort of barrier which it could not force finally for many years. Halted on the hither side of that barrier, Castile dug itself in at Segovia, and that advance post was the fortress of its kings. The walls of Segovia when Alfonso VI rebuilt them — in the generation which saw Hastings and which was full of a tide of movement in Christendom already quick with the Crusades — were the crown of Castile.

It is again typical of monarchy, its perils and resurrections, that this building has been destroyed again and again.

In the time of year in which I am writing, in the heat of August, in the mid-thirteenth century, when the kings of Castile had had their establishment here for more than two hundred years, Alfonso the Wise sat in his great hall, with his nobles and his bishops about him, and, musing, said aloud, 'Had the Creator consulted me, the world would have been better made.' Whereupon it grew dark and a flash of lightning fell and struck that palace and destroyed half of it with flame.

That was but the first destruction. Others have followed throughout the centuries. The last was in the memory of men now living and it is symbolic of the spirit of monarchy that even in its last resurrection, even in our own degraded time, the majesty and dignity of that building have re-arisen. Indeed, Spain can boast what no other European country can boast to-day, that its modern building is continuous with that of its fathers. Therefore the Alcazar — though, as we watch it now, nearly all the stones are new, and though only the great façade remains of the original palace — is still the shrine of monarchy.

It is still the place where the populace rose, under the minority of Alfonso XI, a little after Bannockburn, and where, five years later, when the child had become a man, such awful vengeance was taken against the rebels. It is still the place where, young and great, Isabella, the last heiress of Castile, was proclaimed queen, she who by her marriage with Aragon was at last to unite all Spain and to open the great century in which Spain made the New World. It is still the same place from which that young proud woman, only two years after her crowning, rode out alone and dominated the mob with her single presence. It is still the place where — again, how symbolic of the Crown! — Charles I of England, in that Spanish adventure which failed, — Charles, the last to be possessed in his own country of full kingship, — sat at meat and looked out of the high windows upon the tumbling of the Clamores far below.

Segovia was, and remains, the last of those intensely national kingly centres of the Reconquista, whence the final charge was made which swept all Spain into the Christian net, leaving only Andalusia as the vassal remnant to the Mohammedans. For it was hence, as from a base, that Alfonso VI went out to seize Toledo and to ride south as far as the Morena and to plant the seed which three lifetimes later flowered in the final victory of Navas.

All this is in Segovia, and Segovia, as I have said, is kingship. Anyone who would get into himself the spirit of kingship and revive the mood of that institution which was a necessity to our fathers, will do well to pass a lonely week in Segovia, thinking upon all these things. For Spain is now beginning the restoration of the kings. That with which Italy first startled the world three years ago Spain has now undertaken — the reërection of Monarchy. We are watching, with very little news of it and allowed very little

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comprehension of it here in the North, the most significant and the most profound of experiments. If the example shall spread to France, the victory will be won; the professional politician and his financial masters will pass from Europe and a moral anarchy will have ended.

Indeed, the new Spanish experiment is much fuller of meaning than Europe of the North and West has as yet grasped. In one form or another, one nation after another falls back, from sheer necessity of living, upon this old stable model of personal rule, of real and responsible authority — popular, not yet traditional, but already welcomed. Elsewhere than in Spain it is either masked by an electoral process, as in the United States, or it is a dictatorship, as in Italy, with no provision as yet for its own continuance, or it is a military organization, as in Germany to-day, an act of police not fully developed and certainly not yet fixed. But in Spain the riddance of the professional politician, the establishment of responsible and real authority, is avowedly and openly a preliminary to the full establishment of monarchy, traditional, hereditary, popular, and permanent.

Whether this good thing will succeed or no, none can prophesy. The chances are in its favor so far as popular support is concerned; one can be very sure of that, for there is not a nation in Europe but is disgusted with the falsehood, hypocrisy, and weakness of the political catchwords which confused the nineteenth century. But two great perils, among many lesser ones, threaten the final success of the experiment. One is the running sore of Morocco. The other is the problem of Catalonia. It is not for a foreigner to judge either of these; but it is for all observers interested in this great experiment to note them and to watch their effect.

For the rest, the main forces are in its favor. The blood is there. It is courageous, among a people who worship courage; it is devoid of hypocrisy, among a people contemptuous of hypocrisy; and when the time shall come for the full restoration of monarchical power there is a man present who can use it. Would that other nations to-day, after so long an atrophy of kingship, could say that!

Perhaps when I am an old man I shall return and stop again in my little inn at Segovia, and hear of some kingly act done, some kingly order given to a new Spain from the Alcazar of Segovia. I hope so, for the place should bring luck, and that one hardly feels of Madrid.

There are one or two physical factors in the making up of Europe and Barbary which have quite definitely and clearly moulded history; we can talk of them as real factors in the story of our civilization, not after the fashion of the popular modern guesswork, but with certitude. For instance, there is the wide area of marsh to which the town of Pinsk gives its name and which, more than anything else except the human factor of the Mongol invasion, has separated the Russian from the Western culture. Here, in the South, is the Riff.

To the south of Spain, beyond the sea, over against the Andalusian coasts, stands the Riff; such a tangle of mountains, such difficult ground for fighting over, as is not to be found anywhere else in North Africa or upon our Continent. It extends in a forbidding, impassable band, cutting off the interior of Morocco from the Mediterranean, inhabited from the beginning by tribes unsubdued. The Roman organization which was able to hold all the tangle of the Eastern Alps and the labyrinth of Albania, failed, or rather did not attempt, to gain control of that belt. No

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one has ever held the Riff, not even the Sultan seated in Marakesh, or in Fez close at hand.

To the south of it runs that easy trench by which the fertile Barbary of the east — Algiers and Tunis — communicates with the fertile Barbary of the west, of the Atlantic coast; it is the trench Oudjda-Taza-Fez, which has always been the road from the Mediterranean to the ocean, and which to-day the French have linked up again with a railway and with a great military road. As you go along this famous highway — which was also that of the first Mohammedan cavalry when they came in to destroy the relics of Rome — you have on either side great lifting mountains and the road depression which forms a natural channel for traffic in between. The mountains to your left, to the south, are the first ramparts of the Atlas. Those to the north are the first foothills of the Riff.

It has been the fate of modern Spain that this worst of all territories has fallen within her zone of government in the partition of Morocco, and therein lies the truth of that expression I have used, the 'running sore' of Morocco; that is, the perpetual, and apparently fruitless, drain of the ceaseless Moroccan war. No other country in Europe lies under a handicap of this kind; nor will the foreign observer understand the first elements of it if he thinks this war a piece of purposeless aggression, a painting of the map. There is nothing of that in the debated and anxious Moroccan policy of Spain. If the Riff could be left alone — as it was British policy to leave alone, as a rule, the tangle of Afghan mountains — the Moroccan problem would not exist. But there stand upon the Mediterranean coast, below those mountains, the very ancient Spanish towns of Ceuta and Melilla. They are not only an integral part of Spain and of her civilization, they are of standing and importance in themselves. For Ceuta there is in the future perhaps little direct peril; for Melilla more. But all that coast is involved, and Tetuan as well.

They are not only of importance in themselves, they are also of importance to the whole European position in Barbary; and their neighborhood is always open to peril as things stand to-day. That is the heart of the Moroccan problem. There is much else, of course; there is the tradition of twelve hundred years of conflict between the Spanish people and Islam. The modern reader smiles when he hears that the keys of Seville and of Toledo and of Cordova are still treasured in certain Moroccan houses, but the thing is a symbol; nor is it without significance that the Tower of Hassan outside Rabat answers to the Giralda of Seville in pattern, in character, in spirit.

There is further that element which enters into all such problems, the difficulty of retirement, the sound principle applicable not to all, but to nearly all, national tasks — that to abandon them would prove a worse evil than to continue the strain of them. There are these and many other considerations; but the chief one still remains what I have said: a defensive problem connected with the ancient Spanish towns of that coast.

If proof were needed that Spain has here a task of quite special difficulty, it would be afforded by the content and prosperity of all that part of her zone which lies in the plain westward, beyond the mountains — that open country through which runs the communication from Tangier to the interior; which will also carry the main road and the railway from north to south whenever, or if ever, the conflict of interests which meet at the Straits is resolved.

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In this sea-plain, where also one of the last great battles between the Christians and the Mohammedans was fought out at the end of the Middle Ages, — to the disaster of the Crown of Portugal, — all now goes well; and you will not find along that coast any more well-appointed, cleanly little town than Laraish, its port. As a port it is hampered by a very shallow bar, the mouth of the River Kus; but its good government shows itself in its external aspect, which is everywhere orderly and well found. A man coming into Morocco by this entry might well wonder why the occupation had become a byword for anxiety and strain, for here all is at peace and all is flourishing. It seems also to have a natural bond with the coast of Cadiz, which lies opposite, at a distance comparable to the crossings of the English Channel, a matter of some hundred miles, most of which is coastwise running.

It was from this little port that I sailed over to Cadiz, which hitherto I had not known. It was a long, slow passage over the enormous Atlantic rollers, the last effects of a strong onshore gale which had died down the day before. We crossed the bar with the afternoon high tide and, after anchoring outside for a little while, the vessel steered north and, as darkness fell, one could see, long spaces apart, the rare lights of habitations upon the African shore.

Our course took us gradually farther and farther from that coast on a line slowly diverging, but as we came abreast of the Straits the great light on Spartel, the corner headland of Africa, shone brightly and even seemed close at hand through the clear air. We caught soon afterward the flash of the lighthouse at Trafalgar, and, with the last of a short night, we slipped in through the tortuous passage of the outer roads by which one turns round eastward into the sheltered Bay of Cadiz.

I know not what the roots may be of that strong emotion which a man feels when he knows that he is touching the actual soil, seeing the very earth, on which very ancient things have been done. It is, in my experience at least, an emotion of travel and of history separate from all others; a particular and special affection. To stand on the hill at Carthage, where all antiquity has disappeared, and to say to one's self: 'There, over that sea, the watchers caught the crowd of sails which was a Roman fleet advancing. There, long before that, some other fleet from eastward — for it is more than a legend — brought in a great adventure when Elissa ruled here.' To stand by the banks of the sluggish canal of Aigues-Mortes and see the painted ships of Saint Louis row by painfully toward the outer sea.

All this, as we threaded into Cadiz Haven between the colored lights of the channel buoys, did I feel more than I have felt it before anywhere. It was heightened, I suppose, by the night and the long vigil and that first turn of the dawn which changes all things. Thus did I come into the inner shelter of Cadiz and they let go the anchor and the ship swung to the slight flood-tide. That same tide did the first conquerors from the inland tideless sea come to study curiously in the days when the outer ocean was without bound and was a sort of eternity surrounding this world.

In a sense you may say that Spain, here in Cadiz, was the mother of all our modern things and of all our looking westward. Cadiz was the first great tidal harbor, filled with the ebb and the flow of the Atlantic and linking up the New World. I have often wished that, in order to make the story complete, Columbus had sailed from

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Cadiz instead of that little anchorage of Saltes, just down the coast, which has filched from Cadiz an immortal memory. Yet Cadiz reaped the fruits of that journey, and Cadiz rose and fell thenceforward with the monopoly or the loss, the productivity or the slackness, of the American trade. This it was which made it the victim of foreign attack, this it was which gave it its vast wealth in the last period of its power. This it was which let it sink again in the mid-nineteenth century. This it is which in part has restored it to-day.

Only in part; for the trade of the world in our great modern ships is with any and every deep port, and the main Spanish station for it is now Barcelona. But Cadiz is the natural entry from the Western sea. It has not the same pride of arms as you will find in the battling cities of the north. It fell naturally to the Reconquest after the middle of the thirteenth century. It has few legends of resistance to the Mohammedan power and, although you will find Hercules and the two lions carven above its gates, it is commercial rather than knightly. But it is the entry from the broad ocean and from the West, and, alone of the Spanish cities, it looks directly, uninterruptedly, over its western horizon at the New Spain beyond.

I think if a man would feel Catalonia he should travel on foot in the northern mountains, hearing the Catalan speech and seeing the Catalan customs upon both sides of the border. Next he should visit for some days one of those smaller towns in which the modern industry of the province, which distinguishes it so sharply from the rest of Spain, has taken root. Lastly, he should steep himself in the spirit of Tarragona.

For Tarragona has that quality which you will everywhere find to be the best preservative of a local genius — the quality of tradition undisturbed by recent activity and expansion. Though it lies in the southernmost part of the province, yet it is intensely Catalan and sums up in its serene antiquity the traditions of that land.

I have said that the problem of Catalonia and that of Morocco are the two perils of Spain to-day; one might almost say there were no other perils in the path of a continued prosperity, moral and physical. But they are serious, and there are moments when they seem overwhelming. How serious is that of Morocco, the daily telegrams arriving during the week in which I write are sufficient to prove. Catalonia is quite another matter. It is not an immediate physical peril, it is a challenge to the Spanish unity. The Catalan province, through an accident of history, received a different stamp from that of the rest of the peninsula at a moment when the final characters of our European countrysides were decided in the crystallizing process of the Dark Ages. There has resulted not only a very different language — language is a poor test of national definition — but a sharply different corporate spirit and informing local habit.

All the rest of Spain — and Portugal as well for that matter — was moulded and informed by the lengthy, the annealing, the slowly victorious hammering-back of Asia from European soil. But Catalonia was the March of the Ebro which Charlemagne kept as a bastion thrown out into Mohammedan land. From the very root of the Dark Ages it remained attached to the Gauls, and there was a Count of Barcelona to defend the frontiers of the Empire here, just as the Counts and the Margraves upon the east defended it against the pagan Slavs and Mongols. The broad, open pass of the Cerdagne, the easy passages of the low hills

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wherein the Pyrenees fall to the Mediterranean, were gateways into it at all times; and the coast country from just south of Narbonne right to the mouths of the Ebro became one thing. This separate idea has never failed. You find it far on in the seventeenth century, when the Catalan Assembly elected Louis XIII of France to be Count of Barcelona, as a challenge to Madrid — hence the loss to Spain of Perpignan. You find it to-day in the acceptation of modern industry and, what is much more important, in the acceptation of transmontane ideas, good and evil, which are abhorrent to Aragon and Castile.

Nearly every country of the modern world — with its strong, highly centralized governments, its rapid communications, its unifying process of education and law — has some such problem of local resistance to unity. It is not for a foreigner to judge either the moral issues involved or the strength of the forces upon either side, but no view of modern Spain can neglect that anomaly of the Catalonian demand. There is no symptom of decline in it — the local separate spirit is still strong and strengthening; to judge it, I say, one must not stand in the turmoil and cross-currents of a huge centre like Barcelona, where to some extent the religious quarrel and much more the violent industrial conflict of our time confuse the issue. One must take the Catalonian spirit where it is normal, traditional, and native; and you will find it so most in Tarragona.

The place has nothing about it of decay, although, like all seats of a peaceable antiquity, it has shrunk greatly from its ancient boundaries. They say that at the height of the Roman power it held, with its slaves and its travelers, a million souls. It has now with its suburbs not a twentieth of that number.

Yet there does not stand about it that shadow of ancient amplitude which you find round other such cities, — Ravenna, or Rome itself, — detached relics of ancient use, ruins, the enclosed gardens, run wild, of palaces long disappeared. The vineyards and the highly cultivated market-ground and the pastures come right up to the limits of its continuous building and to the base of its hill. There seems to have happened here in part what happened wholly to Hippo in Africa; that is, the removal of all the stones, of every trace of building, from the area over which an ancient city shrank; and Tarragona, which gave its name to all those coasts of Spain when the Roman Imperial power was at its height, stands now still marked with all the impress of a capital — but not too large; exact, dignified, and with no marks of mourning, of death, or even of decay.

The port, which seems so small to our modern eyes, and which was yet the making of this centre over against the coasts of Italy, lies at its foot with a modern quarter around it. From this flat arises the hill of the city, which you mount by a main street or, better, by fine flights of steps upon the seaward side, which climb right up to the broad parapet-way and garden overhanging the Mediterranean upon the height; and there it is, upon the very summit of the hill, that you find the heart of the city and its memories. There you will see, built by chance into the walls of private houses, the stones of fifteen hundred and two thousand years.

Upon the very height of the summit, where once the citadel stood, closely surrounded by the immense blocks, older than history, of the cyclopean wall, stands the Cathedral, and though every town of the Peninsula centres on its church, and therefore makes every mention of each particular shrine

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something of a repetition, no one can write of, or remember, Tarragona save in terms of that astonishing thing.

It stands more lonely than the main churches of most of the other towns, for it is at the extremity and on the height of the whole city. A wide space before its approach, flooded with an intense light and commonly empty of men, is your introduction to something exceptional in your travels. For as you pass the doors you come suddenly into what seems to be the complete darkness of a vast wide cavern, as cold as might be some subterranean refuge, violently contrasting in its sudden cold and lack of light with the torrid splendor outside. The mediæval architects of Catalonia delighted in the two effects of gloom and breadth — a breadth which seems beyond the capacity of stone, with an arch seeming, in the gloaming, almost too flat for so great a span. It is here at Tarragona only an extreme degree of what you have in the chief parish church and still more in the cathedrals of Barcelona, but that degree is indeed so extreme that this strange cubic nave of Tarragona, as black as night when you come in out of the sunlight, stands by itself and has no true parallel elsewhere in Europe. They who built it desired a place wherein the soul of man should enter at once into a profound contemplation, and be wholly cut off from the consideration of external things. They desired to put over and around the soul of man, roofing him and guarding him all about, a mystery of silence and of magnitude. Certainly they achieved what they desired. I could imagine some man, overexperienced in the noisy unmeaning of the world, — its ambitions bought at ten times their worth, and lost in a moment, its futile, torturing friction, and its fruitless, wasted fevers of energy, — coming many hundred miles to find this place again, and to rest. It is the very heart of repose.

When the eye has slowly grown used to the dim details of this huge cave and has begun to see its sublime proportion and design, it has another fullness of experience before it in the cloisters through the northern door, close on the gospel side of the great altar. Passing through this you come to what is the most charming, the most blessed, of all the wild gardens of the world, framed in a quadrilateral of delicate arches all around.

All the centuries are about you, but all asleep; and the only life of the place is in the graceful solemnity of the few trees, the grass and flowers of the court, the birds shooting to and fro, high round the warm stones of the tower. That sky, that air you breathe, that slight wind coming over those ancient roofs, are all of the sea. You know as you sit there, in the shade of the northern cloister, looking at that very mellow tower, kindly against the intense noon sky, and as your eye finds nothing but that sky, with the tiles of the garth and the chancel roof against it, that behind you unseen is the great regiment of mountains, guarding the plain and looking on this abrupt lonely hill, which is your station; and you know that just beyond, down below the giant walls, at the foot of the steeply falling slope, is the splendor of the Mediterranean. All the while there is no sound but the very slight murmur of the sea wind in the leaves of the lonely little garden and, at long spaces, the sharp cry of a bird.

It sounds an odd thing to say of Catalonia — but it is true — that here, if anywhere in the world, there is peace. That word, which the young cannot understand, but which represents, after a certain age, all the hunger of the heart, has here taken on flesh, as it were — a flesh of stone — and is with us.

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MURDER AS A DIVERSION

EUROPE PHILOSOPHIZES ON CHICAGO CRIMINALS

[We print below three representative European comments on the recent sensational murder trial in Chicago. The first is taken from a Conservative London weekly, the *Saturday Review*, the second from the *New Statesman*, which represents the intellectual wing of the Labor Party. The third, translated from the Viennese Socialist daily, *Arbeiter Zeitung*, is by Otto Kaus, a German writer whose books include studies of Dostoevskii and Strindberg, so that he approaches the study of unbalanced youth after study of the problems of unbalanced genius. His unfamiliarity with American law leads him into errors of detail, which do not, however, invalidate or lessen the interest of his main conclusions.]

I

It is presumptuous to set a limit to the development of any art; and seeing how time and progress have turned to derision the exploits which inspired De Quincey to his essay on Murder as a Fine Art, and those others which caused Oscar Wilde to describe Wainewright as the final artist with 'pen, pencil, and poison,' we will not assume that the climax in this kind has been attained by the American boy murderers. Rather will we await, in much the generous yet perturbed spirit of Mr. Edmund Gosse's poem to coming poets, the 'new arts, new raptures, new desires' with which the degenerate offspring of American millionaires may enliven the evening of our days.

There were strong men before Cain, and there will be stronger or more cunning or more unintelligibly motivated after Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold. But for the moment, perhaps for the whole week, the record of these two intelligent young plutocrats stands. Other heights in other lives or times; for the instant or till our next issue theirs is the supreme thing in murder for sport. It has indeed certain flaws. The endeavor to extort ransom, even though it was not quite serious, imported into the crime an alien commercial element; and the provision of the horn-rimmed spectacles clue was careless. Yet, take it all in all, the murder of Bobby Franks, the thirteen-year-old heir to a fortune comparable to those in prospect for Loeb and Leopold, was as thoughtful and as finished a murder as we, at the present stage, can expect even from America. It had none of the vulgar motives, and it was carried out where the old-world penalty is exacted from the detected murderer, for in Illinois they still hang murderers, whereas in many other States recourse is had to electrocution, and in some there is no capital punishment at all.

Without exaggerating the risk to the murderers' lives in a country which has only one execution to every eighty cases of homicide, Loeb and Leopold may fairly be said to have taken as much as they could without incurring the reproach of indulging in blatant public assassination.

They have escaped with their lives, and the judge has escaped with his, which apparently was in quite as much

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danger. On the face of things, it seemed that only a plea of insanity could avert the death penalty in such a case, but insanity was not pleaded, though endeavors were made to show that the young murderers had always been in some degree abnormal. Richard Loeb was represented as having always been a kleptomaniac; Nathan Leopold was said to have exhibited from an early age an exceptionally callous egoism; and both were shown as artists in sensation. That they were at least very unusual was made evident by their bearing in court. Richard Loeb, though for a weak moment or two rather relieved at finding slightly less guilt ascribed to him, soon showed marked chagrin at being reduced in criminal status, and welcomed all later evidence which suggested that he had played the leading part. Both exhibited pride in their work, and at times giggled in appreciation of the publicity they were receiving. They agreed that they would commit the crime again if they could feel sure of recovering their first, fine, careful rapture.

Yet it was neither their bearing in court nor other evidence of abnormality that saved their necks. They were spared the gallows only because in the State of Illinois no minor has ever been sentenced to death on a plea of guilty, and the judge was not disposed to establish a precedent.

The decision required courage, for if the judge had to be protected by huge forces of police and the prison to be defended like a fortress, it was apparently against those who were determined that Loeb and Leopold should die. The citizens of Illinois, remembering cases in which accused plutocrats are rightly or wrongly alleged to have fared better than poor offenders, were being worked up to the mood in which lynchings take place, and only the resolute attitude of the authorities seems to have averted an attempt. All of which reads strangely to us here, since with us threatening communications to judges are rare, and are never more than empty bluster from obscure and feeble-minded persons who would not find a supporter in any public attempt to carry them out.

But, however complacent we may feel on this score, we cannot be confident that, given a murder like this case from Illinois, the public here would be quite so zealous about securing the maximum punishment for its authors. It is, after all, natural for the public to feel a certain kindness toward those who have entertained it, or at the very least to deprecate too rapid a lowering of the curtain on them. And to-day in this country, unless those astute observers of public taste, the conductors of the popular newspapers, are wholly mistaken, one of the chief entertainments of a healthy-minded democracy is reading about murders. That is to say, about murders of a certain distinction, done with peculiar motives or with exceptional savagery. For the records of commonplace murder soon weary the public, and the greater the satiety with such criminal narratives the warmer is the welcome given to the exploits of the artist, the eccentric, or the humorist in murder.

Were he to appear now in our midst, were he to come before us in duplicate, with the appeal of precocity as well, should we find the British public as eager for the execution as the people of Illinois were for the hanging of Loeb and Leopold? Perhaps we should, and for a reason rather different. It may be that here we should desire not so much to see meted out to the murderer the severest punishment, as provided for ourselves those exquisite thrills which an enterprising journalism conveys to us from the condemned cell and the scaffold.

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But it is not very likely that a Loeb or a Leopold will emerge here. We cannot even count on a steady maintenance of the fairly high standard of criminality set during the last few months. The Crumbles crime is thought by an expert unlikely to be suggestive. Shooting in flats must remain infrequent, in consequence of the scarcity of revolvers and of servants. Murder with a view to respectable remarriage can hardly become more common until respectability is more generally sought after.

Yet in another way the conditions are fairly propitious. The publicity that so delighted Loeb and Leopold is available here for any who would emulate them. The technique of it has been perfected now, and portraits of the murderer and interviews with all who knew him now dominate all other matter in certain papers on the very morrow of the murderer's identity being disclosed. Any articles he may write or sign are sure of an excellent market. And his daily life after condemnation is chronicled more minutely than that of any statesman or stage celebrity.

Nor does space fail him when he is projected out of it. A Sunday paper has just secured a contribution from the chaplain who attended a lately executed murderer, that we may know the man's spiritual state up to the moment at which his soul went forth to meet its Maker. The newspaper reporter is by now well accustomed to eavesdropping in the grimmest of all vestibules to eternity. The last word of heaven knows what agony, the cry of which the utterer will not live long enough to hear the echo, are ours for a penny almost as soon as the execution is over.

What quicker or better publicity could any Loeb or Leopold desire? And what could this country do toward producing such searchers after thrills more than providing the thrills? May we not then suppose that, in time, to commercial murder, which looks not beyond the immediate and material gain, and to murder for the preservation of respectability, which is peculiarly shy of publicity, and to murder out of mere anger, which is no more than a gesture happening to be made with a weapon, there will be added murder for sport? Such sport, at any rate, is least unlikely to suggest itself to those who have continually gloated over the journalism of the cell and the scaffold, and if the coupon press desires to cover all the risks its readers run it might consider seriously the expediency of insuring them against the impulse to take up homicide as a hobby.

II

THE great Chicago murder case, which ended on September 10 with a life sentence upon the two youthful criminals, stands alone in the records of crime. Sensational murders are common enough. Since the war, as we all know, examples have been frequent and variously revolting, from the French Bluebeard to Vaquier and Mahon. But no crime that the modern world knows of can be set beside the killing of the boy Robert Franks by Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb.

The affair has dominated the American newspapers for four months in a fashion that no short description could make real to English readers. In the first fortnight, — that is, two months before the trial began, — according to the calculation of a well-known American journalist, one Chicago daily gave to the case 228 columns of news, pictures, comment, and conjecture. On the first Sunday after the youths confessed, the Chicago *Tribune* — which calls itself the world's greatest news-

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paper — printed, with an apology, twenty-one columns of stuff about the crime. The trial lasted thirty-three days, on every one of which a full page, with splash headlines, was deemed to be a reasonable allowance of space for the report in the papers of the great cities. It would be idle to attempt an account of the American institution of trial by newspaper; but one may recall, by way of contrast, a recent occasion in the court of the Lord Chief Justice of England, when certain of our editors were arraigned and solemnly admonished, because of a quiet little flutter in connection with the bungalow crime. . . .

The report of the trial makes extraordinary reading for an English lawyer or student of criminology. The conduct and speeches of counsel were no less astounding than the testimony which, being almost entirely of the kind called 'expert,' may be taken as a foreshadowing of the criminal law procedure toward which the civilized world is moving. The expert witnesses made two antagonistic groups. No argument of insanity could be presented, for the simple reason that the plea of guilty presupposes sanity. But the defense experts built up a vast structure of abnormal symptoms, in order to prove irresponsibility, while the prosecution experts insisted that the prisoners were altogether responsible.

Mr. Clarence Darrow may be said to have opened a new chapter in the criminal courts. His witnesses went all out in the direction of the new psychiatry: Freud, Behaviorism, endocrine glands, split personality, *folie à deux*, basal metabolism, and the rest of it — every theory and term that, during these eventful years of psychological enterprise, has been heard in the babel of the schools. Much of it, perhaps the greater part, was pretentious or merely grotesque; but not a little was very interesting, and part of it undeniably significant.

The line of the prosecution was to ridicule the whole array of the defense experts. The State's attorney made heavy play with the exponents of endocrine glands, while he opposed to Mr. Darrow's experts a number of others who met the later psychiatry with the simpler theories of twenty years ago. In the conflict of experts the defense was worsted; inevitably, because of the scene and the temper of the Court. The most interesting, and presumably most relevant, testimony could not be printed. It was given in camera. In any case, scientific evidence and discussion could not but be extravagantly out of place in the atmosphere of the bull ring, whipped up to fever-pitch by the prosecuting counsel.

Of Mr. Crowe, the State's attorney, perhaps the most charitable thing to say is that he provided the psychiatrists with a subject of study not much less interesting than Leopold and Loeb. For three days, in the concluding stage, he harangued the Court in a frenzy, having at intervals to appeal for a recess in order that he might change his clothes and be rubbed down with alcohol. The effect of his display, with his incessant screaming for the death penalty upon the two young 'rattlesnakes' and 'mad dogs,' was seen in the response of the crowd, which day after day rained threatening letters upon the judge, who came and went under heavy guard.

Mr. Darrow's method was that of an intellectual man and a highly skilled advocate, but it was hardly less remote from the English notion of forensic statement and appeal. He ranged over the question of will and responsibility; expounded at large his own philosophy of life, which gave the prosecuting attorney the chance to denounce him as a dangerous materialist; assured the

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judge that he found it impossible to be brief when addressing the Court on the fascinating topic of Nietzsche; and, in his more practical passages, made effective use of the record of hangings in the State of Illinois.

Judge Caverly took a fortnight to consider his judgment, and then pronounced sentence of imprisonment for life, adding formally ninety-nine years for the crime of kidnapping — so as to provide against release after a short term of years. The sentence is described in two ways: as a victory for gold, and as a triumph for the defense. It is, as a matter of fact, in harmony with established practice in Illinois. Mr. Darrow, by the bye, made the staggering statement that within ten years 350 murderers in Chicago had confessed, and one alone of their number had been hanged!

Leopold and Loeb are put away. Their story is without a parallel. One wonders what its reverberations will be among the young people in that world of American riches and indulgence out of which they came.

III

THE Franks murder case in Chicago, which is now before the American judge, has, for reasons that are easily understood, raised a commotion throughout the whole world. Observing the unfeeling inexorableness that public and prosecutor alike display toward the two youths who are fighting at the bar of justice to escape the electric chair, one might almost describe as moral panic the impression that has been produced on American public opinion. . . .

Rarely have mental-moral motives been shown up in such fine profile, and rarely too — or so it seems to us — has a criminal case been so falsified in its public treatment.

Such testimony with regard to the previous life of the defendants as has been presented is unsatisfactory for a psychological investigation, because all observers end by emphasizing its contradictory nature, as if they had to make out some deep-lying criminal impulse, which must remain the only explanation — unless it is possible to establish the existence of an inner compulsion, present in other murderers, and due to their general psychic development. The expert opinions of the psychiatrists have shed no special light on the case. The two physicians brought in as witnesses by the prosecution got into difficulties over the definition of pathological craving for notoriety, and testified that the defendants were responsible for their actions. The psychiatrist, whom the defense managed after a hard struggle to push through, pleaded mitigating circumstances on the ground of a qualified degree of mental inferiority.

Now 'criminal impulse' or 'disequilibration' is something that may be theoretically constructed; but it is not a psychological reality, if by psychological reality we are to understand only those psychic impulses which appear to us the essential part of the life of man, taken as a whole. In each individual instance a criminal impulse must and can be understood in the light of its own inner logic. The most apparently purposeless act has a special meaning of its own in the psychic life of the doer, who regards it, not as a simple outbreak of turbid instincts, but rather as something purposeful in the course of his abnormal individual development.

Moreover, in the picture that one can draw of this crime, of its attendant circumstances, and the whole milieu in which it took place, several typical traits emerge that will give every experienced educator a hint as to the

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direction in which explanation of the criminality of the two millionaires' sons is to be sought. They are characteristic of a whole category of youthful criminals. Here, as in all phenomena in the psychic life of youths and adults, of the abnormal and of the healthy, we must seek primarily for the circumstances under which the orientation of the psyche for this fate arose. Where the nature of this orientation betrays a tendency to exalted self-valuation — such as is evident in the utterances of these youths, who yearned above everything else to do something that would create a sensation — conditions must previously have existed which unfavorably affected the natural psychic scale of values and implanted in the developing youth the idea that he could assert his own personality only by some extraordinary means; that he could complete his personality only in so far as he was swayed through other and higher motives than the majority of men.

It is likewise this interplay between the feeling of inferiority and its overcompensation that gives to the development of each individual its tone, its color, and its internal rhythm. The feeling of inferiority is not absolute but relative; and, just as it may be due to organic weakness and bodily incapacity, so also it is most likely to arise when the individual finds himself confronted by tasks too great for his powers at his particular stage of development. The surest way to strangle in a human being his capacity for normal accomplishment and to lead him down the path of abnormality is to rouse in him the consciousness that he must accomplish something beyond his powers.

This urge toward higher accomplishment was roused in Loeb and Leopold by two circumstances: by their favored social position and by the successful careers of their fathers, both of whom had been able to win great riches and positions of prominence. Paternal success is always a danger for the son, because it exceeds what he is able to attain and makes him feel the chance of failure with double bitterness. That is the chief reason why the sons of prominent men are so often 'degenerate.' That is the reason why, instead of following up their fathers' successes, they so often end in ruin or turn aside into pathological courses outside the realm of the practical everyday, seeking thus to gratify their feeling of superiority: alcoholism, excessive gambling, and so forth.

In America, moreover, the succession of son to father is regarded by public opinion with especial rigor. It treats with unconcealed disfavor — which may be inspired either by experience or envy — and eventually with open contempt that youth who fails to surpass his father or at least to equal him. For the accumulation of honors and the moral recognition accorded to self-earned wealth — which is regarded, no matter what its origin, as an attribute of power, a natural claim to distinction, and as something more than a mere sign of material advance — involves a correspondingly constant tendency to despise privileges gained without achievement. Hence both these young men, at every step they took in society, felt ever more keenly the necessity of independent accomplishment.

On the other hand, as a preparation for marked achievement, no environment is so unfavorable as that of privileged wealth; for the feeling that one is specially favored weakens the feeling of oneness with society that is essential to the patient endeavor that must precede all accomplishment. The tedious process of penetrating into some special field of interest, of con-

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stant adaptation to numerous requirements and to the wills of other people — without which there is no success in any field — demands the capacity for an inner coalescence with men and with things. Special talent remains fruitless unless by character-development it is lifted into the practical sphere.

Confronted by the business success of their fathers, Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb soon found in their intellectual achievements an apparently favorable avenue of escape. They marked out for themselves a field of display in which the emotionally sensed competition of their father-rivals was set aside; but in doing so they had limited their field of activity. They stood before a *Hic Rhodus, hic salta* which they could no longer evade. Even while they were fostering in themselves and in their associates the belief in their intellectual gifts, they were adding to the pressure that weighed them down — all the more because they brought into these ambitions the initial haste and impatience that was inherent in their natures as a law of their activity.

It is to be understood that in the preceding observations the question as to what talent and how much talent they had does not enter into the discussion, because a 'natural gift' is nothing but an empty potentiality whose application is wholly dependent upon the general aims and objects made available to it by the general evolution of mankind.

Such impulses and motives explain the superior training that they gained in special branches of learning like natural science and languages; and such impulses and motives likewise explain the disaster that eventually overtook them. While they were busy setting the stage for their celebrity as geniuses in the presence of their immediate associates, they fell into the trap in which they were caught. Their feeling of superiority could be preserved only so long as the purposes which they set themselves lay beyond reality and were immediately attainable, and so long as these purposes lay beyond the commonly recognized chances of success. Their romance of fame and crime and the sensational criminal trial provided an escape-valve for all the torment of self-distrust that was gnawing away behind their glittering façade in their mania for self-importance. The way was already prepared for them to take refuge in an antisocial act by the fact that they had learned to know the structure of society by observation from its pinnacles alone.

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ON TURNING FORTY

BY GILBERT NORWOOD

From the *London Mercury, September*
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HAVE you ever considered, while walking along an English road, the reason for those curves, those twists often sudden and apparently capricious? Why did not the road-maker cut a straight line? Because our highways are mostly not constructed out of hand, they have grown up, and might seem scarcely more artificial than the ground they traverse. The road-maker, whether Brunel, Telford, or some more obscure and local engineer, followed an existing lane; it was far easier so to do, since already cottages abutted on the lane and meadows fitted into its contours. And that lane itself was made on the line of an earlier path or track; the villagers who trudged along it toward the upland horizon or the distant ford were pursuing half heedlessly the narrow trail marked by the first man who lived in those parts. His route, too, bent, swung, or faltered, sometimes because of impediments that oppressed his spirit or quelled his courage; sometimes because of petty obstacles which a single wayfarer avoids, since to step aside is less arduous than to jump, though they are ignored by an army, a caravan, or even a band of racing children.

At one point in his direct line there lay a group of ant hills, the skeleton of a buffalo, or a patch of marshy ground. To-day the broad metaled highway swings its streaming traffic round at this point because a thousand years ago here ran the footprints of a wolf, there it circles oddly past the phantom cabin of a quarrelsome giant in skins, or the site of a tiny copse where goblins shrieked and grim deities held their primeval court. The wolf has given place to quiet herds, the club-armed savage to a rustic pacing between the plough-stilts, and a tavern — itself now ancient — reposes upon the buried roots of the haunted coppice. But the ghosts of these forgotten dangers still direct the roadways of Britain.

So with our individual habits and temper. That man whom trivial negligence rouses to strange fury broke his heart at a tender age over a pet dog crippled in his absence. That woman who cannot think coherently was demoralized by ceaseless wanton interruption of her reading or reverie just as her mind began to realize itself. Casual kindness to a ragged urchin may fifty years later beget legislation of strangely individual cast.

It is much if at the age of forty we have not begun merely to survive ourselves. At the best, our temperament is set, our habits strong, our opinions grown into a body of uninspired religion. Our soul is knotted and scarred, its surface a network of minute twists and wrinkles, its nerves mechanically atwitch. That experience, whereof we make our sorry boast, is often nothing but the alchemy of Time, which stiffens and desiccates the supple sinews, the radiant skin, of youth, bringing us nearer to the gnarled timber, the grat-

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ing rocks and flints, and so ever by a wise ruthlessness drawing us closer to the impassive soil itself. All our habits are forgotten experience, just as the virtues of our race are built from repudiated vices and as the modern highway whereof we spoke follows the map of obliterated impediments, banished terrors, and obsolete superstitions.

After our fortieth birthday we mostly do things, not because we enjoy doing them, but because we feel uncomfortable if we refrain. This is no tardy awakening of conscience, but the irrevocable ratification of habit. Who really finds pleasure in tobacco? The undergraduate who is so proud of his pipe that he is photographed with it in his hand, the stem pointing to his elbow, like a bridegroom with his silk hat; certainly not the seasoned executant. Despite the advertisements which depict a bald-headed sage grinning preposterously over his briar-pipe and remarking: 'Yes, I insist on Mare's Nest because it strengthens the tonsils,' it remains true that middle-aged and elderly persons smoke as mechanically as they breathe — it would hurt them not to breathe; it would hurt them not to smoke.

In love, it has been said, the dainties of to-day are the food of to-morrow. The maxim holds not only of love, but of all our life; what was formerly novel and charming we assimilate until it grows as natural and undelightful as digestion. None the less, we are all proud of it, as indeed some are of their digestions; we make a virtue out of obsolete adventures, so that for myriads of men middle age is the period when, dropping the long-sustained pretense that they intend to reform themselves next week, they finally exalt their habits into ethics.

To the eye of youth life is a slope ending in a plateau which stretches indefinitely toward a horizon hardly considered an authentic part of the prospect. Later it takes on the form of two long gentle convergent slopes divided by a narrow ridge; and the nearer one draws to it the narrower that ridge appears. All grown-up folk are, for children, much the same as regards maturity. It is no longer so when one approaches that strait watershed. Then it seems that a few months after one is 'too young to understand' one has become 'too old to sympathize.'

It is a strange period, this of the few years beyond forty — full of virtues, yet hated or despised by almost everyone, in particular by popular novelists. The correct age for a hero is quite clearly defined — twenty-eight to thirty-one. This datum results from the rules of the game, which are (*a*) he must be young enough to be unmarried without any taint of fogydom; (*b*) he must be old enough to have duly appeared at Eton and Christ Church, and further to have moved about the world smiting half-breeds upon the point of the jaw in Buenos Aires and Hongkong. Thus equipped, he is what Mr. Aldous Huxley terms 'deliciously nubile,' and is free to keep his first tryst with the heroine beside the corpse of the murdered financier.

Alas for the middle-aged man! No one ever whispers to him behind her lazily waving fan, 'Leave this place before eleven'; no ridiculous scraps of dainty cambric adorn his carpet; Dago Pete passes him by. He must content himself with gazing up shrewdly at his deed-boxes, or flicking the restaurant table with his serviette as he pulls back the chair for better and younger men. When the crashing consummation arrives, he is merely among those present; like the Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, all the happiness he finds is vicarious.

And yet, for all the apparent cyni-

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cism, nay, the something like despair, of my exordium, this is to be a prose-lyric in praise of middle age. Why? you ask. And why fix the entrance upon it so nicely at the fortieth birthday? Let me answer patiently even such questions as these. First, then, knowing what has happened to me, and yet observing in myself — with reverent joy — certain substantial though squalid virtues, it seems to me sensible, indeed an act of gratitude toward Providence, that I should recite, in the name of all my harassed brethren, the excellent merits of this central period.

That further question, When precisely does this period open, provides an amusing study. Children, of course, look on people as old when they are thirty. The other extreme is suggested by a character in Alfred Capus's comedy, *La Petite Fonctionnaire*, who admonishes his friend thus: 'I claim that to-day a man of forty-five is a young man, or at any rate a man still young.' This miserable fiction, that when past twoscore one is still more or less youthful, you will find advanced only by those who follow, or would like to follow, discreditable courses. Would anyone employ a barrister under sixty? To a doctor his very stethoscope forms no greater asset than his bald cranium. Ecclesiastics are always venerable, just as journalists are well known, theorists unpractical, and comedians inimitable. Or, to be exact, nearly always venerable, for we cannot forget the curate — an exception, however, that proves the rule; for a young clergyman is an outrage. That is why popular sentiment ridicules him. In vain do inept fact-fanciers point out that curates are not known in real life for asinine consumers of 'a bath-bun and an acidulated drop,' that they command a hundred virtues, prefer Rugby to croquet, and teach Boy Brigadiers to box. The great heart of the people is sound, despite superficial misstatements.

But we wander from that second query: Why point so exactly at the fortieth year? You shall learn the truth, for it is the mark, disconcerting or delightful, of such disquisitions as the present that they cannot be executed without intimate — perhaps indecent — revelations. It was, then, in his fortieth year that a man well known to me, chancing to take a seat upon the top of a tramcar, heard himself emit, in the very moment of session, one of those cosy little grunts normally associated with old gentlemen in park-shelters. Clutching his two coppers in a clammy palm he fought down his first emotions and reflected: 'This, my friend,' — no longer, alas, 'my boy' — 'means middle age. You are just forty, and so moral is your heart, so mathematical your temperament, so logarithmetical your very nerves and lungs, that you obey the calendar, the tide-book of the Universe, with instinctive servility, and grunt — or wheeze — without admonition from white waistcoat or side-whiskers. Bend your ear for the swish of the approaching Scythe.'

The first line of the *Inferno* records that Dante's stupendous adventure began 'in the middle of the journey of our life' — *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita* — and we know that he was then in fact aged thirty-five. He was doing a sum in simple division based on material supplied by the Psalmist. That figure is the earliest, and forty-five the latest, which can conceivably be set as marking the entry upon middle age. I have shown some reason for placing it in the precise centre of that decade. No one will quarrel with me; there is something rotund, ample, even self-satisfied, about the number forty, which charms all hearts. Contrast the nervousness of 'I 'm nearly eighteen,' the furtive hangdog pathos

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of 'I shall never see fifty-three again,' with the eupeptic bonhomie of 'I 'm forty.' It is of no avail to hum in my ear at this point the old song: —

> I 'm ninety-five, I 'm ninety-five,
> And to keep single I 'll contrive.

Even were it true, it would be insane bravado, a mere whistling in the dark to keep up the spirits. But it is not true; there are no bachelors of that age. This reminds me of what I should have said earlier. Of women in this connection I say nothing. There is an alliterative phrase, but it is out of date.

Let the fact be baldly stated: middle age is a better time than youth. The reader murmurs, 'Sour grapes,' only because he believes what he finds in popular poetry and novels. Among all forms of disingenuousness is there any more blatantly obvious, yet more often unchallenged, than that which compares the bad instance of A with the good instance of B? 'Go in for business — you 'll starve as a teacher. Look at poor old Smith in the elementary school, who and so forth, and so forth; and look at Sir Thomas Lipton!' But suppose we considered poor old Jones at the corner shop, and compared him with Jowett?

In the same way people look at youth from the angle of Marcus Stone, middle age from that of Hogarth's Gin Lane. Of all life's periods, youth is the most absurdly overrated. Its alleged joys are those attributed to it by disgruntled elders, who ponder with liverish gaze the absence of sciatica and income tax. But do the young enjoy it? Do you see gleeful lads and lasses crying as they dance upon the sward: 'Seventeen! We are only seventeen! Our joints are limber; father pays the rent; we are intoxicated with the joy of living'? Not a bit of it. One and all, they wish they were older, for reasons just as fantastic as the longings which torment their seniors.

The main characteristic of youth is not glee but tutelage. Someone is forever ordering the young about, and their natural passion is to be rid of this pervasive thralldom. Did anyone ever enjoy his childhood? Most people now think they did — a quite different matter. The finest thing in the world is to be your own master, and no 'revolts' under the sun will confer that freedom until you have gained a character so settled that you can be sure of knowing your own mind. In early life nothing is so frequent, or so humiliating, as to observe that on Wednesday you rather like the person whom on Monday you decided to hate forever.

Free at length from snubs — for even at thirty it is possible for you to be termed by some dotard a boy — you are able to see 'life steadily and see it whole.' I regret the banality of this, but some quotations are so obvious that it appears ostentatious to omit them. It was said of old: 'Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.' What, then, is left for middle age? Surely, to face facts. *Si jeunesse savait, et si vieillesse pouvait!* Middle age has both qualities. This forms the true summit of life, the glorious noon, if only we refuse to accept the envious sneers of the immature and the senile. Lads look on you as obsolete, old men as inexperienced. But every walk in life receives from its detractors some question-begging label. If you are religious, they call you a prig; if disillusioned, a worldling; if learned, a pedant; if unlearned, a journalist; if a Conservative, a reactionary; if a Socialist, a Bolshevik. Take no thought for these labels; remember only the privileges, virtues, temptations, and responsibilities of your period. It is immensely difficult to be middle-aged with grace and accuracy. But you have solid, if quiet, compensations.

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First, you realize yourself — you know what you are. At length you can be yourself, for only now have you attained an authentic personality. After the ferment of youth, when one almost slew himself with the struggle to be original, one finds on the fortieth birthday that one can be original without effort. In early years you are like Mr. Wells's invisible man. In order to make himself seen at need he was compelled to attach a pasteboard nose to his phantom lineaments; so the young man ties affectations on himself, in order to create the illusion that he has a spiritual existence. At forty you wear your own nose. You realize your personality, and find it very like other people's. This discovery would have caused an unpleasant shock at twenty-five; to-day you accept the fact with resignation, if not complacency, for it has dawned upon you that the best way of appreciating Life is to be commonplace. You do not mind being one of the crowd. Ambition does not survive that illuminating birthday. Alexander, it is true, sighed for more worlds to conquer; but he died at thirty-three. Napoleon, it is true, carried his passion into mature years; but that is why his English contemporaries called him a monster. We others sink into the landscape.

Secondly, we know what we like. This noble phrase is almost monopolized by intellectual dramatic critics as the alleged slogan of those playgoers whom, one gathers, they would love to burn alive. But I am giving it a straightforward, noncontemptuous sense. We know what we like, even if our likes are mostly disguised antipathies, as we say. Our early years are wasted in thinking we like what we are told to like. The *Boys' Own Paper* has forced myriads of lads to eat buns in bed when they would far rather have been asleep; morbidly breezy fathers have hustled them into cold tubs and collecting British moths. Tradition leads them a few years later into unupholstered racing-eights or through quagmires in pursuit of a ball which they are not allowed to retain. Manufacturers hypnotize them into atrociously difficult and inanely complicated games of billiards or tennis, perch them upon detonating motorcycles, thrust between their jaws sinfully expensive and labyrinthine patent pipes. You are even invited to furnish your home with pipe-bowl polish — in air-tight tins, probably; the ingenious manufacturer is always a week ahead of the most reckless purchaser.

It is quite true that these disturbers of the king's lieges purvey poison for every age; you may find elderly folk just as mechanically rabid about 'movements' as undergraduates about beer — they have been told that is what they like or, more insidiously, what everyone else likes. But middle-aged people, if only they refuse to be bullied by youth and age, know what really appeals to them. Though these things differ with each of us, the lists have common characteristics; they are short, and they are simple. All you have to do is to be honest. Confess: you like cold pheasant, and taking off your collar an hour before bedtime; the rest is vanity. Or perhaps it is playing with children, or shopping, or being told you look overworked, or flirtation, or cutting open a new book, or breakfasting in bed, or receiving fat unexpected parcels — always delights simple, elementary, and few. Of course you do other things, but all your banking, philanthropy, carpentering, is a mere background to the delicious moment, that *heure verte* of the day, when you enter your own little paradise which appears to others so trumpery or dismal.

Don't reply that you are an excep-

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tion, that you love your work. What you truly enjoy is some trivial aspect of it — the chair in which you do your banking, the color of your checks, the crinkliness of the bits of sawdust. Men imagine they wish to enter Parliament because they can do work of national importance, as the scornful phrase ran during the war. In reality they desire the succulent perquisites, the constable's salute, and kicking-off at charity football matches. No one enjoys being a parent; the charm lies in those deliciously neat little lines in the baby's knuckles.

Thirdly, you find yourself coming into line with the human race. All those coarse vulgar popular prejudices which you spurned so celestially in the debating club, all those facile silly generalizations of the other man in the railway-carriage, — what a fool he always is! — turn out to be true. Women you find incapable of logic. Progress is an illusion; the world moves, not along a straight line, but in uncomely loops. Politics are a dirty game. The working classes should be made to toe the line. Your own nation is after all the finest on earth. The higher education of women is a mistake, perhaps an impossibility. Young people are crude, bumptious, unsympathetic. There is nothing, when all 's said and done, to beat a slice of roast beef. All these convictions you find springing up in the quiet recesses of your heart like fresh spring flowers. To others your brain and spirit seem hopelessly adipose. In truth, having ceased to bother about the above topics you are free to enjoy real life, which is a series of details, not, as theorists suppose, a tight bunch of big generalities.

But it is high time to rehearse the formidable temptations and dangers of middle age. Its most obvious vice is the pretense that you are still young. There are innumerable middle-aged men who would rather be accused of manslaughter than of sciatica, who poison their nights with fox-trots and their days with cricket. 'A man is as young as he feels' is their boisterous chant. But the surest sign that you are not young is to discuss the question at all. And if they felt young they would not try to feel so. To enjoy middle age properly you must realize that you can at last cease bothering about traditional duties. So long as you remember to eat less and walk even part of the way to your work, you may bid a happy farewell to that bugbear of 'keeping fit' which devours so much time and energy in our earlier years. 'At forty a man is either a fool or a physician.' In other words, you have learned that if you let Nature alone she will look after your health in anything save broken bones. Cease pretending to be young: you will deceive no one, and you will annoy your wife. Above all, avoid that ludicrous device of calling men of twenty-five 'lads.' It was begun during the war by men of military age who wished to stay at home, and was intended by them to suggest that they themselves were dotards. It is too soon to use the phrase with an opposite purpose.

Next there is the temptation to pretend that you are important because you have gained experience, forsooth. Of course lazy old men and pleasure-chasing youngsters will flatter you in this idea simply to get you to undertake all the work. But beware of claiming experience unless you have had it. Usually you have not — otherwise we should less frequently hear from mature lips the words: 'I never heard of such a thing!' Having spent half a lifetime on this planet does not guarantee wisdom; your spirit may quite easily have contracted instead of expanding. Was Methuselah ever as

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much a man of the world as Henry the Fifth? When you note more and more frequently that dawning expression of respect upon the faces of your more youthful auditors, ask yourself whether it really is respect or surprise that you have any sense at all. Nothing thrives on thinner diet than self-complacency. What you think weightiness is perchance only your special form of bumptiousness. This brings me to the third and gravest temptation attached to middle age.

Thirdly, then, note that each phase of life as it opens finds its peculiar type of conceit waiting and ready. The girl of seventeen quotes verbatim trivial remarks addressed to her, because they begin with 'Miss Jones' instead of 'Edith.' The university freshman is a byword, but the same spirit pervades all educational ranks. *Punch* some years ago portrayed a man talking to a dissipated-looking hobbledehoy: 'I suppose you 'll be leaving school soon?' 'Garn!' was the reply. 'Been out o' work six munce.' The elderly man overthrows all arguments and half the creeds with his watchword, 'At my time of life.' What newly engaged people are like, how the man with a new car, a new baby, makes himself a social pest, the conversation of persons just back from their first visit to the Continent, are things well known to all inhabitants of this vale of tears. The newly elected professor, the boy after his first term at boarding-school — why continue the list which includes us all?

Now we of forty are threatened by the most deadly brand of bumptiousness — bullying. Mr. Shaw has put what I mean with consummate dexterity: 'Every man over forty is a scoundrel.' Let us not waste time in compiling lists, headed by Socrates and Saint Paul, designed to show that Mr. Shaw is — well, that he is over forty. Like all great talkers, he has put the truth by means of what is formally false, for brevity's sake. Nearly everyone past the meridian of life — yes, here is the phrase; you shall wait no longer — is engaged in dodging real work. Many of us, thank Heaven, have employers who make us work, so that our dodging is sporadic, cramped, lacking in mellowness and continuity. But the rest! How much we do is largely in our own hands, and we have perfected the technique of our business. Leaving to the comic-press office-boy his moribund grandmother, we pursue devices which would deceive most experts, if the experts were not also over forty, and in the game with us. Our consciences are too powerful for us to lie on the sofa all day reading detective-stories, too weak to force real work upon us. So we have invented two magnificent remedies. If we go to the office every day we do 'organization'; if we keep away from the office, we perform 'public service.' Either we are the brains of the business with our hands on the levers, or we are the directing force of public life, with our fingers on the national pulse.

The trouble about both these activities lies here, that they are not pure, but applied, hypocrisy. 'Organization' and 'public service' alike consist in making other people work, not at what is useful, nor at what they like, nor even at what we like, but at something which shall most effectively produce the illusion that we ourselves are working. Consider the array of cab-drivers, caretakers, typists, secretaries, telegraph-boys, railway officials who rise early and use brain and muscle that we may go to some meeting and say: 'Gentlemen, I can no longer refrain from insisting that something be done with regard to this matter. I propose that it be drastically considered and reported on at the next meeting by a

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small committee, and I beg to suggest the names of . . . ' four or five other wretches who have not been so quick as you or have not even troubled to attend. If you do this three times a week, and the money involved is several thousand pounds, you are regarded by all and sundry as a strong man.

The majority of town-councilors join these curious assemblies in order to foster their own self-esteem; they love to hear themselves called Mr. Councilor This and Mr. Alderman That. But let us not dwell on derision of councilors; in every walk of life such people are found. Why is our unhappy land one festering mass of unneeded and insolvent societies?

So does it come about that all the democrats are under forty. The reasons are two. The decent reason is, by that age the upright man has learned that, whatever one's political theories may be, nothing in the world can prevent affairs from falling under the control of those who take the trouble to follow and grasp details. The discreditable reason is that the less upright man's passion, at the age of forty, is to bully — to order people about, to make himself felt, to put his foot down, to see that men with smaller salaries toe the line, pull themselves together, go through the whole drill-book of these moral gymnastics. The most curious part of the whole affair is that, despite their verbal sneers, the young surrender to the childish vanity of the old and — too often, alas! — of the middle-aged. Those 'revolts' which expend themselves frivolously upon latchkeys, styles of dress, and slang should be turned into fruitful social and administrative strikes.

Consider the normal age of Anglican churchwardens and Nonconformist deacons. Some years ago I myself was a member of a body numbering almost sixty; I was the only member under forty years of age, and there was but one other under fifty. Yet this body governed a college containing well-nigh a thousand students. If we possessed, and acted upon, a conception of what affairs are like, what human beings are like, every such assembly would have a statute that at least one third of its members must be under forty; were I younger I should no doubt advocate far more drastic reform. But the truth is, nearly all our public bodies exist, not to perform real work, — that is done by invisible subordinates, — but to flatter persons who, if poor and shabby, would be the byword of the casual ward.

Middle age, like most other things which happen to us, is what we made it. That growing sense of the small value in nearly everything that touches us brings to some a slow asphyxiation; the horizon narrows, and shapes of dreariness begin to hem their path. On others it has quite the opposite effect; for them is reserved the chief blessing of maturity — to realize how few things matter yet how greatly they matter. Most houses would become more habitable if the occupants flung half the contents out of the window; and the sagacious man's pathway from forty to fifty is strewn with the alleged treasures of which he has emptied his pockets. Trace his progress by the societies of which he has ceased to be a member, the books which he no longer means to read some day, the trousers-press, the tennis-rackets, the prospectuses; above all, the letters. So he goes on his ever less encumbered way, caring for naught but his family, his religion, three friends, and the only sound way to mend a fire. His single weakness is that he remembers his age, ponders the characteristics of his growing years, and may even be so morbid as to write an essay on the subject.

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IN THE HOUSE OF THE MANDARIN

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

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CAPTAIN IVAN KORAVITCH smoked his little brown Russian cigarette reflectively. But his eyes were alert and shining, and every now and again he twisted his moustache, and a little smile hovered over his face. He finished his cigarette, helped himself to another from the box on the table in front of him, and began to talk. Mention had been made of the strong footing which Russia had succeeded in effecting in Manchuria before she went to war with Japan, and those present expected the captain to have something to say on the subject.

'Ah, my friends, I am only a soldier. I cannot talk much about politics; it is not my business. Yes? But I think we were very clever. It was owing to the financial policy of M. de Witte that Russia, as a guarantor, enabled China to borrow money at four instead of five per cent. That led to the establishment of the Russo-Chinese Bank; and when one bases one's policy on good finance, success in other matters often arrives. For hence it was that Russia obtained the concession of the East Chinese Railway, which enabled her to continue her Trans-Siberian Railway southward through Manchuria. Oh yes, we wanted an outlet — what do you call it? We wished for expansion. Well, you also have wished for expansion, and have obtained it — all over the world. Yes?

'Of course it meant that many soldiers went to Manchuria. One cannot obtain expansion without soldiers. Other people — like the Chinese — who do not wish themselves to be expanded by foreigners must be made to agree by soldiers. Yes, and it was very funnee. We did not always call them soldiers. We called them railway-guards. It was, for example, necessary when we promised to evacuate Manchuria to increase there our railway-guards. So their numbers were fixed at thirty thousand men, and they were recruited from the regular troops. It only meant putting green shoulder-straps and collar-patches on to a man's tunic, and there you had a "railway-guard" instead of a "soldier." Splendid!

'For a time I was attached to these railway-guards. The line connecting Port Arthur with Harbin possessed depots for them about every fifteen miles, some of them very large. At Liaoyang, for example, we had barracks to hold three thousand men. At Mukden we even used the bricks of the wall of the Chinese Temple of Earth to help construct barracks for twice that number. That is the way we evacuated Manchuria in 1902. Splendid!

'I was stationed the next year in a leetle town on the Harbin railway called Feng-Chung. It was not one of our big barracks. I had only about a hundred guards in my command, and there was not very much to do. There was also not very much with which to make amusements in one's spare time. My

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subaltern, a youth named Basil Maximovitch, sometimes rode with me on horseback, or we played at cards. There were two engineers attached to the railway, but they were not very companionable.

'There was, however, in Feng-Chung an English missionary station with a young priest of your Church, who was also a doctor — splendid! — named Linthorpe. Mr. Linthorpe had brought his sister with him, and the two of them lived quite alone, which I came to discover was very brave but not very wise. I will tell you.

'There were at that time not only the Chinese inhabitants living in Manchuria, for the most part quiet and peaceable, but also companies of disbanded Chinese soldiers, who had previously fought against us. Ah yes, many of them were bandits rather than soldiers; robbers, who would sometimes give much trouble. Some of them roamed the country in small groups, and would suddenly swoop down on a town or village to plunder. So it was not always safe to go unarmed.

'It was one day that I was walking down a narrow street in Feng-Chung that I heard much noise and shouting. A couple of dozen or so of these wandering Chinese had come into the town, and had met the sister of the missionary, Miss Nora Linthorpe. It did not look pleasant for her when I arrived. She was standing with her back to a wall, very pale, and they had surrounded her. Some of them had even drawn their long knives. Pouf! It was nothing! They were all cowards, and I had my sword and revolver. It did not take me a few minutes to effect a rescue; and I think one or two of them had to bind up some flesh wounds. I, of course, escorted her to her brother's house. She, poor young lady, was glad to have me walk with her, for she had received much fright. And it was thus I came to know the Reverend Frederick Linthorpe — the first priest of your Church I had ever met.

'From that time I often went to see Mr. Linthorpe and his sister. You must understand that she was a very pretty girl, and I was young and not bad-looking. Also, because she thought I had saved her life, — it was, as I said, nothing, — I think she admired me very much.'

And Captain Ivan Koravitch twisted his moustache and preened himself. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

'One cannot say what might have happened, but I — I was a soldier, and I had no thoughts of marrying. Also, Nora Linthorpe had a fiancé in England, and I suppose she thought it was her duty to remember him, though — if I had chosen — bah! I did not make love to her — but I have thought she loved me a leetle. Yes?

"But that is not the story. I told Mr. Linthorpe it was very dangerous for his sister to go about alone, or even to reside in Feng-Chung, and that he should send her back to England; but although he agreed she must be careful, he said — and she also — that she had her work to do with him, and duty must come first. Splendid!

'Oh yes, splendid! But I was very sorry for them, my friends. I too was a man accustomed to duty, but I knew it is not always easy to go on doing one's duty if there is no success. Mr. Linthorpe and his sister had lived in Feng-Chung for a year and a half to evangelize the Chinese. But with what success? Certainly they had a leetle school for some children, and people would go to them who were sick; but all the time they had only obtained one convert to their religion, a Chinese named Chang-Yung, who was a servant in the establishment of a Mandarin, Li Ting-Fang, who lived in a big house just outside the town. Chang-Yung

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was grateful because Mr. Linthorpe and his sister had been kind to his father when the latter was dying of a slow and painful sickness. And the Chinaman, as you know, has much filial love for his father. Therefore, I suppose, partly to repay the kindness, he had consented to be baptized. The only convert! And yet they went on with their work, and did not complain. Me? I could not understand, but I admired — what is it you call it? — yes! — their pluck.

'Mr. Linthorpe — I thought sometimes he should have been a soldier and not a priest. He was a very fine young man. He could shoot, and box with his fists — yes — and play cards, though he would never play for money, which I could not understand. We became great friends, and from him I learned much about your country before I came to reside here after many years.

'Of course I made inquiries about the men who had attacked Miss Linthorpe; and I heard a very curious thing. It was my serjeant told me.

'"These men," he said, "they have not gone away, my captain!"

'"No? Where are they?"

'"They are in the house of Li Ting-Fang!"

'"Oh!" I replied, "but that is not possible. Li Ting-Fang is peaceable. He has done much to help us. He could not be in league with robbers and bandits. He is the chief magistrate of the district."

'The serjeant shrugged his shoulders.

'"Nevertheless," he said, "it is true what I say."

'I wondered much, and I did not believe him. But, to satisfy my mind, I determined to pay a visit to this Li Ting-Fang. Ah yes; I did not know the Chinese so very well then! No one of our Western countries can ever get to know them as their curious minds work.

'Of course it had to be a formal visit. I understood a leetle of the strict etiquette of the Chinese, and I had myself carried to the Mandarin's house in a chair with attendants, and sent in my visiting-card — a big red one, with my name in Chinese. I was shown into a big room, richly furnished, and presently Li Ting-Fang entered. He was a fat old man, with a thin gray moustache, and a leetle beard just under his lower lip. He bowed gravely to me, and I returned his salutation. Then he motioned me to sit down.

'I knew it would not do to come to my business at once. One had to observe great formalities. He spoke a leetle French at first, but when he found I knew English we talked in that language; and he spoke it much better than I.

'After he had welcomed me to what he called his insignificant hovel, and I had replied that I was overwhelmed with its grandeur, he asked me, though he must have known, "From what Heaven-ruled and prosperous country do you come?"

'"I am a visitor to this sublime land from the impoverished and almost unknown country called Russia!"

'Oh yes! I knew how to answer him.

'"What is your honorable age?"

'"My few and miserable years are twenty-three in number. May I inquire of the length of your Excellency's illustrious days?"

'"I have attained unto sixty-five wasted years. How is the health of your venerable father? I trust he is yet alive?"

'"He still encumbers my mean country. With the permission of Heaven, his insignificant health is good."

'"What is the number of your high-born brothers?"

'"Alas!" I replied, "Heaven has punished the misdeeds of my ancestors

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by granting but one totally unworthy son to my father — your undistinguished servant."

'A queer leetle gleam came into his eyes when I told him this, and a smile broke out over his face. Presently we came to the business of my call. He listened without a word or a gesture while I related to him the attack on Miss Linthorpe. Afterward I told him plainly that I had been informed that he was sheltering the marauders. Then he put out his hands, palms upwards, and said: —

'"The matter of the assault upon the English lady shall be inquired into. I am here to administer justice, and such crimes are not permissible. But as regards what you tell me, your information is not correct. Is it likely that I should shelter within my mean establishment those whom it is my office to punish for such misdeeds? The thing is an insult to my revered ancestors!"

'He spoke with much dignity, rose to his feet, and bowed. I knew that the audience was over, and that it was useless to talk more; so I left him. I was a leetle angry with myself that I had listened to my serjeant at all.

'The next day I visited Mr. Linthorpe, and told him what I had done. But he too could not believe that Li Ting-Fang had given a refuge to the bandits.

'"I also," he said, "have been to see him about the attack on my sister. He expressed much concern about it, but feared by this time the men had made their escape to the hills. He is a most interesting and well-disposed man. I quite enjoyed drinking a cup of tea with him."

'"He did not offer me tea," I said.

'"What? Not give you tea? That was strange."

'"Why?" I asked.

'"It is part of the etiquette of a host in an official visit. And Li Ting-Fang does not usually make a mistake. It was almost equivalent to a studied insult."

'I did not think very much about it at the time. It passed out of my mind. But afterward I had reason to remember it. Yes?

'"Wait a minute," went on Linthorpe; "Chang-Yung is in my house. Let us have him in, and I will ask him a question."

'Chang-Yung came into the room, and stood quite still with his arms folded and his hands tucked in the opposite sleeves of his loose coat. Also he bent his head.

'"Chang-Yung," said the missionary, "velly bad piecee men makee plenty bobbery all a same Missee Linthorpe. You savvy?"

'"Me savvy!" replied the Chinaman.

'"Bad piecee men run away. Where to they go?"

'"Me no savvy."

'"Li Ting-Fang, him know where piecee men go?"

'"No can do."

'"All lightee."

'"He knows nothing evidently," said Linthorpe when he had gone. "I believe he would tell me if he did. Your serjeant has got hold of the wrong end of the walking-stick."

'Ah, my friends, I learned many of your English idioms from this missionary: the wrong end of the walking-stick! Splendid!

'A few days afterward I had other matters in my mind. Farther up the line, toward Harbin, there was trouble. Quite a big force of these wandering bandits had attacked a station and killed some of our men. I was ordered, by telegram, to send the whole of my company, in command of my subaltern, as a reënforcement. I kept back only two, who were sick, and in an hour's time a train had taken away the re-

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mainder. So I was left alone at the station, except the two engineers, and they were drinking. I thought I would go and play a game of cards without money with my friend the missionary. Also I knew it would please Nora Linthorpe to see me. Splendid!

'It was dusk when I set out. I had not very far to go — only along two streets — but I carried my sword and my revolver, as was my custom. Ah, but they were of leetle use in the face of what happened. Again I had not learned very much about the Chinese and their habits, for suddenly I was taken by a great surprise. An arm was thrown around my neck from behind, and I received a kick in the smallness of my back that threw me to the ground. Before I could recover myself I was helpless. My hands were bound tightly behind my back, and a sack or something was thrown over my head. And all the time I did not hear a sound, although I felt there was quite a leetle crowd of men around me. Then I was made to walk forward. They held me up by the arms and pushed me along. Once I cried out very loud beneath the sack, but I felt a sharp point at once against my breast, and a voice said in pigeon English: —

'"Suppose makee bobbery, then killee chop-chop."

'I had no wish to be killed chop-chop at all, so I went quietly. But I tell you, I was not feeling at all happy. We walked for some distance, and then I felt I was entering within doors. Presently the sack was removed from my head, and when I had blinked a leetle in the light of a lamp I was astonished to find that I was in the same room where Li Ting-Fang had received me a week or two before; and somehow I felt less happy still.

'Standing around me were half a dozen villainous-looking men. One of them, who had a bandage round his head, I recognized as a fellow I had wounded with my sword when I had made the rescue of Nora Linthorpe. And he scowled at me with a very nasty grin. They had, of course, taken away my revolver and sword.

'I was beginning to see that my serjeant had been right after all, when Li Ting-Fang himself entered the room. He stood for a few moments just inside the door with a leetle smile on his face, bowed to me, and said, very politely, in his smooth silky voice, "Once again, Captain Koravitch, I welcome you to my insignificant dwelling."

'But I was in no mood for politeness, and I said, "What is the meaning of this? Why have I been brought here like this?"

'Again he smiled — a very nasty smile — and replied in his excellent English, "Your curiosity shall be speedily satisfied."

'Then he made a sign to the others, and said a few words in Chinese. Immediately they forced me down into a low chair, and tied me to it with cords. Then they left the room.

'What is it that you call it when one is in a great difficulty — yes? So! A tight fix! Splendid! As Li Ting-Fang seated himself, still smiling at me, I felt I was in a very tight fix. And I was right.

'"I have much to say to you, Captain Koravitch," he began, "and I have no hesitation in saying it because I know that you will never have the chance of repeating it. I will be quite candid with you, and speak in the plain language of your damnable civilization."

'He certainly did not put me at my ease. But I shut my mouth very firm, and looked him straight in the face. He should not see how I was feeling.

'"Like your father, of whom you spoke the other day," he went on, still

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in his calm soft voice, and without any movement of his hands or body, "I had an only son, but" — and a slight sneer curled his nostrils — "in our older Eastern civilization a son is of more importance than in the barbarous Western nations. We are taught that it is not only a son's duty to revere and assist his father while the latter is living upon the earth, but also to revere and preserve his ancestral shrine when he has departed. With us a man can die happy in the knowledge that he leaves a son who will still continue to fulfill his filial duties. But when I depart from this earth I shall leave no son behind me!"

'There was just the touch of sadness in his eyes that made me exclaim, "I am sorry."

'"You say that you are sorry? Listen. It is owing to your own damnable nation that I have no son. He was slain by General Gribsky at the massacre near Blagovestchenak. He was not a soldier, Captain Koravitch," — and he looked at me with the disdain that was in his voice, for the educated Chinese despise those of the military caste, — "he was a peaceable citizen. Only by the decree of Heaven did he chance to be in the locality. But they killed him."

'"You must remember," I said, "that the Chinese themselves had opened fire upon Blagovestchenak. A punishment was due."

'"But not to my son. I have told you he was not a soldier. I have now no one who will worship at my ancestral tablet, and those of my ancestors. The only consolation left to me is revenge. And for that I have waited patiently."

'"Li Ting-Fang," I replied in as steady a voice as I could master, "I cannot see that your revenge concerns me. I was not at Blagovestchenak. I did not kill your son."

'He bowed to me, and went on, "I will explain. As I said before, you will never repeat what I tell you. I swore revenge upon your nation. It is I, by means of my money and my influence, who have organized many of the attacks upon your outposts. I have already taken many lives in return. But that is not enough. I swore that I would, in exchange for my son's life, be satisfied with nothing less than the life of a Russian of high standing, who was the only son of his father. And when you told me unconsciously that you fulfilled the condition, you uttered your own doom."

'There was silence for a full minute. I would not speak. But my heart sank within me. My friends, I was very much afraid.

'He spoke again, this cold smiling Chinaman: —

'"Your men are all absent. There is no one but my servants who knows you are here, and they will not speak. To escape is impossible. To-morrow I shall begin my revenge. To-morrow you will begin to die. I have waited long. And you will also wait long before the end comes."

'Then it was I realized to the full the horror of my position. For I had heard of the tortures of the Chinese. I turned my face to him as well as I could, and cried, "You devil!"

'Then he walked toward me very slowly, and spat in my face. My God! if my hands had but been free!

'He struck a gong, and three men came in. They released me from the chair, while Li Ting-Fang said, "You will have plenty of time to-night to meditate upon what awaits you to-morrow." Then they took me out of the room, with my hands still bound behind me, and led me along a passage and down some steps. It was just as we turned to go down these steps that I caught a glimpse of Chang-Yung com-

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ing along the passage. But he appeared to take no notice of what was going on. At the bottom of the steps was a door, through which they thrust me into a small dark room. Then I heard the door shut and the key turned in the lock. I was alone.

'I tell you, my friends, I have been in many dangers, but I never felt so much afraid as then. I knew that no one would ever suspect this grave Chinese Mandarin, and I could not think of any chance of a rescue. When the darkness became a leetle familiar I could see a small slit of light about a foot high and a few inches wide. This was the only window. It was fairly high up in the wall, but by standing up on my toe-tips I could just see through. There was no glass, and the cool night air was blowing in. There was a moon, and I could just see that the window looked out into a courtyard, on the other side of which was a high wall that surrounded Li Ting-Fang's premises.

'I sat down on the earth floor. The first thing I tried to do was to loosen the cords round my wrists, for I felt, if it was possible, it would be better to die struggling with my captors. Just a leetle did I loosen them, but I could not undo the knots or slip my hands free — only I had a trifle more movement in them.

'Well, I must not make my story too long or dwell upon my feelings. After what must have been hours, I think I fell asleep, sitting on the floor and leaning against the wall.

'I woke with a start. Something seemed to have made a leetle noise in the room. It was very dark, for the moon had set, and I could see nothing. Again! Something fell in from the window. I sprang to my feet and asked softly, "Who is there?" And I received a reply. It was simply "Sh-sh-sh!" Then I heard something being pushed through the aperture, which fell with a heavy thud on the floor.

'Immediately I sat down and groped behind me with my bound hands. And I felt several things tied together with a string, and a ray of hope came into my heart. One of the things was a small open knife. In one minute I had managed with it to cut the cord around one wrist. My hands were free. Then — oh, my friends, you can imagine my joy when I felt all that was there — a revolver, several tools, a small electric-torch, and what appeared to be paper. Very carefully I turned on the torch, first taking off my tunic and stuffing it into the leetle window so that no light should show outside. The paper was an envelope. I tore it open, and found inside this message in English: —

'"If you are able to do so quietly, try to pick the lock of the door. There are no bolts — only the lock. If not, at exactly seven o'clock in the morning you must take your chance and blow open the lock with your pistol. In either case, leave your room exactly at seven. Go straight along the corridor. Shoot anyone who hinders you, and make your way to the main entrance. I am trying to do all I can to help, but there are difficulties. If I fail, you must do your best to escape. — F. L."

'My first thought was, "Why does he not telegraph for soldiers?" Ah, I did not know then that Li Ting-Fang had seen that the wires were cut on either side of the station far along the line. Linthorpe had already discovered this.

'I looked at my watch. It was just after four. I had three hours. Immediately I made examination of the door — and then I rejoiced. The supporting beam at the side was of thick hard wood, into which the bolt of the great rough Chinese lock apparently shot. And one of my tools was a good sharp chisel. Ah, it took me long to cut away that wood, but at last I did so, and it was as I had hoped. The bolt became

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visible, and I found I could open the door inward. It would not be necessary to blow open the lock. Then I waited.

'A leetle before seven I prepared myself. My revolver was loaded in six chambers, and there were a dozen extra cartridges. I determined, if the worst came, to save one of them for myself. Exactly at the hour I opened the door. I had the revolver in my right hand, and the chisel in my left. It was quite quiet outside, but when I reached the top of the steps and turned into the corridor I nearly ran into a man — a sentry — who stood with his back to me. I paused a moment — then changed the chisel into my right hand, crept forward, and aimed at his neck. He fell all in a heap. Splendid!

'Then I went on — very softly. The door of the room into which I had been taken the previous evening stood open, and I had to pass it. I tripped slightly on a rug, and held my breath. Then a voice came from the room: —

'"Is that you, Koravitch? Come in!"

'I started with astonishment. I entered the room. And I will tell you what I saw.

'Standing in the middle of the room was Linthorpe. And he did not look at all like a missionary. He was dressed in Chinese costume — very fine! And he held in his hand a revolver, which was pointed straight at the head of Li Ting-Fang, who sat in a chair with his fat hands above his head and his yellow face gone white. And Linthorpe, without looking away from the Mandarin, gave a little laugh, and said: —

'"That's all right. Now we'll get out of this. Listen you, Ting-Fang! You will walk with us to the outer gate, and if you so much as speak one word to your men I shoot. Do you understand?"

'Li Ting-Fang looked at him venomously, and said in his soft silky voice, "May Heaven curse your swine-begotten ancestors!"

'"It is n't a question of ancestors, my friend, unless you want to join your own. Get up!"

'As we walked he held the revolver pressed against the back of the Mandarin's head. Oh, he was not converting Chinamen at the moment, this brave missionary. I have said he ought to have been a soldier. Splendid! There were two or three men in the courtyard, and one of them made as if he would have attacked us, and then drew back. So we reached the gate.

'I was wondering if we should take prisoner the Mandarin. But even at that moment he was very clever. Just as we were passing through the gate he suddenly dropped down, and caught Linthorpe's leg as he did so. Linthorpe stumbled forward, and I half fell over him. The next moment Li Ting-Fang, yelling something in Chinese, had rolled on one side, picked himself up in a very quick manner for one so fat, and was behind a pillar even before I shot at him. A shot followed from behind, and a bullet whistled past us.

'"Run!" cried Linthorpe. Ah, and we did run. I laugh now as I think of the missionary drawing up his loose robe above his bare knees. It was very funnee! They fired — yes — but they were bad marksmen, those Chinese, and, except for a little scratch on my side, they did not hit. So we came out safely. Splendid!

'Afterward, when Miss Linthorpe gave us a good breakfast, her brother told me the story. Oh, he was a very clever man, this missionary priest. It was due to Chang-Yung that he had discovered where I was. Chang-Yung had seen me in the corridor. He had also guessed what was to happen to me in the morning — there had been some nasty orders given — ugh! It makes me shiver even now. He knew I was

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the friend of Mr. Linthorpe. Also that I had rescued his sister, to whom he was much devoted. So he climbed the wall of the compound and hurried to Mr. Linthorpe. The missionary immediately went to the station to telegraph for assistance, but found the instruments would not work, and also found the two engineers very drunk. It was then he took their revolvers, for a plan was coming into his mind. He knew I must be rescued early — or —'

And Captain Ivan Koravitch shrugged his shoulders, and gave an expressive sound with his lips.

'But it was Nora Linthorpe who thought out the clever scheme. She collected curiosities to take back to England, and had a fine Chinese costume. Also she possessed the big visiting-card of Wu-yao-chan, the governor of the province, — the English consul had presented it to her for her collection, — and her brother knew a leetle Chinese. So he wrote the letter to me, and made up the parcel for Chang-Yung to put through my window, hoping that the luck of being able to open my door would come to me. Then he dressed himself in the Chinese dress, and with Chang-Yung's help, who had returned, painted with a brush in Chinese characters a short letter demanding a private interview of importance. Also he rubbed some yellow powder on his face. Chang-Yung found a friend whom he could trust, and together they carried him in a chair to Li Ting-Fang's house. A call in the very early morning — when much business is done — is customary with the Chinese. Linthorpe sent in Wu-yao-chan's card, and was shown into the reception room. When the Mandarin entered he performed a very big kotow, for he thought he was in the presence of the governor. But when he looked up the pistol was at his head, and he had to hold his tongue till I appeared. Splendid!'

The captain lighted a fresh cigarette, paused for a minute or two, and then said: —

'Miss Nora? Ah yes! I kissed her hands. I think she was very much pleased. Also she was pleased that I was safe. I think too — but — no matter. She had promised herself to another. Pouf! Li Ting-Fang? Oh, he escaped. When my soldiers, who returned, surrounded his house it was empty. But one can never understand these Chinese. A few years later, after our war with Japan, I was in Paris. Our ambassador there gave a diplomatic dinner, at which I was present. Next to me sat an elderly Chinaman, an attaché at the Chinese Embassy. It was no other than Li Ting-Fang. And he said to me very politely, in his voice of silk and with his smile: —

'"Did I not once have the pleasure of receiving you at my insignificant abode?"

'"Yes," I replied, as I looked him hard in the face, "and I fear my departure from your honorable presence was very abrupt."

'"No one regretted it more than my entirely unworthy self!" he answered with a bow. Splendid!'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

LOST

BY IRIS BARRY

[*Spectator*]

When the boy knocked at our door, looking in,
We remember now that we spoke to him timidly,
Kept him waiting in the porch,
While we busied ourselves within over a fitting reception.

When we called him,
We found the porch empty.
Hop-vines and ivy trembled there,
A frame lacking its picture.
Nor can any tell us
Whether he ran along the road or the field-path.

NIGHT

BY L. B. LYON

[*Time and Tide*]

Over the fields, the quiet fields of cattle,
Grave fields of home, exhaling a mist-like incense,
Forgiving fields that suffer the keen ploughshare,
How gratefully, over these fields,
Night gathers!

And over the lone spaces of the spirit,
The plains of mystery and pale adventure,
The fields, the sorrowful acres of man's striving,
How tenderly, over those fields,
Night falls.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BEETHOVEN AS A BUSINESS MAN

ITALO ZINGARELLI, a regular contributor to the *Corriere della Sera*, repudiates the statement of Beethoven's biographer, Becker, that nothing favorable can be said of Beethoven as a business man, and denies that the great composer can justly be called unscrupulous.

'True,' he says, 'Beethoven was a practical man, but it is an exaggeration to say that he was lacking in scruples. The combination of practical sense and musical genius in him was an amazing fact. He often complained that "the things of everyday existence absorbed him." Accounting was his mania. In his diary he invariably notes every time he exchanged ducats or florins and the rate at which they were exchanged. He was past master in matters of exchange and knew how to profit by its fluctuations and by the different rates of bankers. When the Austrian money had reached the disastrous level that almost equaled the present rate of the crown, Beethoven showed more perspicacity than did modern Austrian business men: he stipulated in all his contracts with publishers that payments must be made to him in ducats.'

'I know no other money but Viennese ducats,' he wrote at this time, 'and the exchange of thalers and florins does not concern me in the least.' The great firm of Breitkopf und Hartel obligated themselves to pay 250 ducats for one quartette, two sonatas, five variations, and seven ariettas; and, when hard times came, asked Beethoven to let down at least fifty ducats, to which the great man replied with a lengthy reference to fluctuating prices of commodities, and refused.

His continuous litigations seem to have been a necessity to Beethoven. His suit against the Kinsky heirs brought him, at the end of a three-year suit, twelve hundred florins; but at the same time resulted in bad feeling on the part of the Austrian nobility, which was a great practical disadvantage.

He looked scrupulously after whatever monetary profit was due him; 'but,' the Italian writer says, 'facts prove that he valued his ideals above his material gains. Let us remember how he canceled the dedication of the *Eroica* to Napoleon when he learned of the latter's transformation from a paladin of liberty into a tyrant, and how he refused the request of an English publisher to write music for the *Bataille dans la mer baltique* because it was contrary to his notions of liberty to sing the victory of the British oppressor over the small Danish nation.'

'Whoever likes to interpret some of Beethoven's actions as furthered by his greed,' concludes the Italian apologist of Beethoven, 'must remember that in his time the author's rights were protected by law, and the general opinion prevailed that the honorarium of a first publisher and the public applause were sufficient remuneration for a new effort.'

*

SNAKES IN JAPAN

THE *Japan Times and Mail* calls attention to the imminent peril of the snakes of Nippon. The medicinal vir-

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tues attributed only to the rattlesnake in America are held in Japan to extend to most of the ophidian tribe. The demand for snakes for medicinal purposes is therefore so large that Zen San, the most famous snake-catcher in Tokyo, declares the annual consumption to be between four and five millions for the country as a whole, and between five and six thousand in the city of Tokyo alone. Eighty per cent of the unfortunate reptiles are charred and powdered, or else dried and made into capsules and pills. Only twenty per cent appear undisguised upon the table boiled, baked, or roasted. It is even said that shortly before the earthquake one enterprising business man proposed to open a snake dining-room in Asakusa.

In the vicinity of Mount Ibuki and Shiga-ken, the most snake-haunted regions of Japan, some two hundred men make a specialty of serpent-catching. But there are other regions where the profession is also practised and it is quite possible that as the supply of wild snakes falls off it may be necessary to begin breeding them.

✻

LATINIZING THE 'AGONY COLUMN'

ENGLISH scholars have always done more writing in Latin than American, as English schoolboys know to their cost. Many a classic bit of English literature have they turned into flawless Ciceronian prose, but only Mr. Henry Broadbent of Eaton has ventured to transform into Latin verse the bald modern English of the 'agony column' of the London *Times*. The line which he has elected to Latinize runs simply: 'Write box H. 996, the *Times*, E. C. 4.'

To make Latin verse of such unpromising material is a pure piece of bravura which might terrify even a master. In the first place, we do not know the Roman equivalent for the letter H, and then, if our convenient modern numerals do not fit well into verse, much less does the clumsy Roman system. Finally the postal division of London E. C. 4 is as nearly hopeless as hopelessness can be. Yet behold the skill with which Mr. Broadbent, by a little digression, gracefully achieves the impossible: —

Littera, si petis, octava et millensima nomen
arca (sed e numero bis duo tolle) dabunt:
quarta ubi pars mediæ regionis spectat ad ortus,
temporis et referunt acta diurna vices.

✻

MR. DRINKWATER PARODIED

THE English parodist, J. B. Morton, in his new book, *Tally Ho!* hits off with wicked cleverness the poetic manner of Mr. J. Drinkwater. Observing the first rule of good parody, namely that it ought to be 'as much like the real thing as possible and just enough different to be funny,' Mr. Morton constructs his verses so much like the original that not until the sixth line does the reader scent the joke: —

Now all is in a sweet content,
And I may sit and wonder why
That golden great magnificent
Round regent of the summer sky,
By Cotswold men whose work is done
Is often simply called 'the sun.'

So cunningly I choose my words,
I hunt a noun for half the night,
And little sunny singing birds
(Of whom so frequently I write)
Proclaim aloud that here one lives
Whose heart is wild with adjectives.

✻

WAS NAPOLEON A GREEK?

Eleutheron Bema of Athens raises the question whether Napoleon may not have been a Greek of Spartan origin. There is no doubt that a Greek colony from the southern Peloponnesus did settle in Corsica, and the Greek journal ventures the suggestion that among

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them must have been someone by the name of Kalomeros or Kalomeres, a name the literary Italian translation of which would certainly be Buonaparte. Napoleon was unquestionably well acquainted with this Greek colony, for he chose two of its members, the brothers Stephanopuloi, as his agents in Greece.

The contention of the Greek newspaper is supported by the recent publication, by a French review, of the unedited memoirs of Madame Aspasia Kalemere, who was born in 1770 and died in 1863. The significant passage runs: —

> My grandfather, Agesilaos Kalemeres, was a pirate, who practised his profession from the Straits of Messina to Cape Matapan, and from him I have often heard that when I was grown up we should go together to Corsica, where we had property, and settle there, like his nephew, Charles Bonaparte. The latter had studied law at Pisa and Rome at the expense of my grandfather, this same Agesilaos Kalemeres.
>
> On the day of Napoleon's birth his mother, feeling the event approaching, had gone, according to Greek custom, to church to invoke the Virgin on behalf of the child whom she was about to bear. But she was seized with the pangs of childbirth inside the church, and hastened to return home at once. A few moments later Napoleon was born on a carpet, the gift of my grandfather, Agesilaos Kalemeres, who had presented it to the future mother of Napoleon on the day of her wedding. This carpet was the work of the Greek monk, Hierotheos, who had learned carpet-making at Pisa, and from whom, when he had gone back to reside in the monastery of St. Isidore, in Maina, my grandfather had ordered it as a wedding present for the bride.

❋

ANOTHER ITALIAN FRIEND OF DOCTOR JOHNSON

A WRITER in the *Rivista d'Italia* devotes an article to the personality of 'another Italian friend of Samuel Johnson,' Francesco Sastres, the founder and compiler of the *Mercurio Italico*. This was an Italian journal which Sastres, then Consul-General of the King of Sicily in London, founded in that city. Its subtitle described the venture as 'A General Account Concerning the Literature, Arts, Useful Discoveries, and so forth, in Italy' (*Ragguaglio Generale intorno alla letteratura, belle arti, utili scoperte, ecc. di tutta l'Italia*). The magazine existed only through the winter of 1789–1790 and was one of those unsuccessful attempts to establish in London a periodical 'in the most sonorous and harmonious of all modern languages,' which, as the Italian writer thinks, 'failed not because of lack of appreciation of Italian literature on the part of the English, but solely . . . because of bad organization.'

The writer quotes copiously from English sources to emphasize the affection of Doctor Johnson for his young friend. The latter at that time was much taken up with the idea of writing an English-French-Italian dictionary, and received much cautious advice from his illustrious English friend as to the thankless nature of such a task. The dictionary never saw the light, although Sastres did publish in London several works in Italian and English, and even a sonnet, *Sull' immortale Nelson*, dedicated to the memory of the great admiral.

As for his short-lived *Mercurio Italico*, the author of the article in the *Rivista Italiana* gives the magazine the credit of being considerably better than previous ventures of that sort in London. 'The programme it presented to the public could not be more attractive,' proposing, as it did, to give extracts from the best in modern and ancient Italian literature. 'Notices of new books and of those that have become rare, of recent discoveries of antiquities in Italy, as well as notices

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regarding sciences and arts; extracts from new operas; beautiful passages from the Italian classics,' said the prospectus, 'these will be the things with which we intend to enrich our journal. It is hoped, therefore, that the great variety of subjects will attract no less a variety of readers.'

The times being troubled, the prospectus advised readers that 'where religious and political controversies are concerned, especially in regard to Italy, we shall walk with caution; but wherever any violation of the sacred human rights comes in question, our love of humanity will be our sole guide.'

The *Mercurio Italico* seems to have adhered to its programme, and what the immediate cause of its suspension was has not been ascertained. It fell silent all of a sudden and forever.

✻

RENOVATING WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE skillful workers who have in hand the cleansing of Westminster Abbey from the grime of centuries are slowly bringing to light beauties which seem new to us moderns because they have been so long forgotten. The Henry V Chapel, which the careless sightseer rarely visits, is the scene of the latest triumph. All the statues in this little chapel, which is built above the tomb of the King for whom it is named, have been restored to the original clear whiteness of their stone. The figures thus restored are six in number, representing Saint George of England, Saint Denis of France, Saint Edward the Confessor, the Blessed Virgin, and the sixth figure is probably meant for Mary Magdalene. There is a seventh niche from which the statue is missing. This is supposed to have contained a statue representing the Crucifixion.

The varnish and dirt have been carefully removed from the other decorations of the chapel with the happy result that the heraldic shields in the choir aisle may now be seen in their original mediæval coloring. In the Erasmus Chapel the coloring on the doorway, around the arches, and on the roof also stands completely revealed.

✻

MAKING THE AIRPLANE SAFE

THE aviation section of the French Ministry of War is experimenting with inventions to reduce the dangers of flying. The first device is a brake to stop a falling plane.

And how, pray, can one stop a plane that is out of control and falling through the air with nothing for the brake to act upon? This apparently insuperable difficulty has been adroitly met by the inventor, Captain Lepinte, who has devised an apparatus which consists of two fuses connecting with cylinders filled with a specially prepared chemical. The imperiled aviator throws a switch, fires the fuses, and transforms the chemical into an extremely high-pressure gas. The explosion of the gas sends the falling machine upward again, and the force of the fall is broken. Newspaper accounts offer no suggestion as to what happens to the unlucky people below.

The other device is an adaptation of the familiar parachute. When a pilot finds himself out of control, at a great height, and is unable to right himself because either his motor or his controls have failed, he releases a parachute large enough to bring himself and his passengers safely to the ground. As soon as the parachute is brought into operation, the motor and wings of the machine are automatically detached and the airplane descends at a rate not exceeding two or three yards a second. How fast the engine and the wings descend and whom they hit is another matter.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J., 1834–1851. Edited with Extracts from the Diary of the Latter, by Christine Terhune Herrick. With an Introduction by W. R. H. Trowbridge. London: Fisher Unwin, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

When they first came to light in 1890, the extraordinary series of letters that for seventeen years passed between the Duke of Wellington and an unmarried Methodist lady — young when the correspondence began but not when it closed — were set down as more or less impudent forgeries. What! The Iron Duke melted? And that by an unknown spinster? Preposterous! What! A mere nobody presuming to aspire to the hand of the victor of Waterloo — a battle as to whose date and import the young lady was somewhat hazy? And the melting man of iron well over seventy during a good part of the correspondence? Perish the thought! The things simply must be forgeries.

To do justice to those who doubted the authenticity of the more or less burning epistles penned by Miss J. — as she was then decorously called — let us admit that the circumstances were odd. The relationship was so plainly Platonic — and yet it lasted seventeen years. Much of what the inspired Miss J. wrote was so plainly rubbish. It was natural that a pious spinster should endeavor to 'convert' the Iron Duke. But it was not quite so natural that the Duke should endure the process — unsuccessful, be it said — with sardonic equanimity, and even a degree of gusto, for seventeen years. Seventeen years of pious correspondence is a good deal to endure — especially for a soldier of the early nineteenth century. But then, there were personalities mixed in with the piety which help to explain it. The letters, moreover, turned up in an attic in America. It seemed, to say the least, an odd place for them. Forgery was a natural suspicion.

But all these reasonable doubts were finally set at rest by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Wellington's biographer, who, after a careful scrutiny of the Duke's share of the correspondence, declared them to be indubitably his. As for the discovery in America, it appears that Miss Jenkins came here to be as near as possible to a sister who had married an American physician — or rather, as the sly reviewer of the *Times Literary Supplement* archly puts it, 'as near as that sister could patiently endure to have her.' For Miss Jenkins must have been a rather difficult person to dwell with, which is probably one of the numerous reasons why she never became a duchess.

Miss J. [says the *Literary Supplement*] was a young lady whose religious fervor was not necessarily insincere because it found expression in what we now call cant phrases. In those days a girl of her temperament could not find a disciplined sphere as a Sister of Mercy, a deaconess, a nurse, or a doctor. Nevertheless Miss J. made her way into prison, and brought a convicted murderer to penitence. Since there was no Superior to set her down to scrubbing after this achievement, she became exalted, and wrote a summons to the most prominent figure she could think of in the worldly society around her, bidding him likewise to repent. It was the Duke of Wellington; and what a light it throws on the social possibilities of the period to find her confessing that 'she was not aware that he was the conqueror of Bonaparte, and did not even know when the Battle of Waterloo took place.'

The next step in the entanglement is the really mysterious one. Wellington not only acknowledged her letters, but asked for an interview. Why? It is not credible that Miss J. was 'fly' enough to get Miss La Creevy to paint her in miniature, and to send the portrait to Apsley House with her exhortations. Had the hall porter, the day she called to leave a Bible, gone upstairs all aglow with the radiance of the vision? Or did the Duke betake himself to Miss J.'s lodgings on that autumn morning in 1834, under the prick of some abrupt religious compunction, in honest ignorance that he was going to meet a remarkably lovely girl?

Anyhow, the scene in the parlor is painted with a simplicity that beggars literary craft. We see the old Duke, silver-headed, courtly,

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impenetrably silent. We picture Miss J. looking none the worse for being quietly dressed in her '*turned* dark merino gown, *daily* worn.' She at least has no embarrassment; simply takes his hand, saying: 'This is very kind of your Grace. . . . I will show you *my Treasure!*' In a trice they were seated, one each side of the fire, and she had her Bible opened, to read from the third chapter of Saint John. Then came the catastrophe: —

'On arriving at the seventh verse thereof . . . I, as is usual with me, raised my hand, pointing my finger emphatically, with the solemnity so important an occasion demanded, being desirous to impress the same on his mind, when to my astonishment he eagerly *seized* my hand, exclaiming . . . "Oh, *how* I *love* you!" This was his first utterance!'

After that it was inevitable that everything should give place to the problem of 'intentions.' If the old statesman tended to be a trifle elusive during the next few weeks, it should be remembered that this meeting took place on November 12, 1834, and that three days later Wellington was sent for to Brighton to be told by the Sailor King that he had — so to speak — hove his Whig Ministers overboard yesterday and required a Tory crew without waiting. Wellington promptly assumed not office, but all the offices, while Mr. Hudson pounded through Europe in post chaises, to tear Sir Robert Peel from the contemplation of the Dying Gladiator.

As soon as Peel was back in England, and had 'taken over,' the Duke called again upon Miss J. and asked her 'if I felt sufficient for him to be with him a whole life.' Poor Miss J.! She never went into the world, and she never saw a newspaper, but even she perceived after a little reflection what this meant. We never like her more than when she tells the Duke — in Biblical language — exactly what she thinks of his behavior. He replies with a stately lesson in the *convenances:* —

'The commands of all others which we ought to obey are those dictated to us by our social relations. What would be said if I, a man seventy years of age, nearly, were to take in marriage a lady young enough to be my Granddaughter?'

Miss J. comments bitterly that he would not, had she been other than she was, 'have thought I was too young to bow down before me with the most sinful adulation.' She was not practical; and now it was the Duke's turn to find out what it is to have an adversary who does not know when he — or, worse, when she — is beaten. Both, in fact, lacked the valor to make a definite breach; and Wellington really encouraged, however much he grumbled at it, her unending flow of letters, watching over his moral welfare with unnecessary acerbity, flying into spiritual pets at the most trifling tokens of neglect in his replies, and — what harassed his military preciseness worst of all — arriving usually understamped. There was no knowing what wild flight she would think of next, and perhaps involve him, too. 'You are quite right,' he says thankfully, 'in having determined not to address the Queen Dowager about the payment of Rates for Marlborough House.'

Years passed; the Duke's notes got curter and drier. Miss J. lost her money, and her health; she turned from her malignant mirror to redouble her reproaches to him for his neglect — of his soul. Then he ceased to write at all. It was at the end of November, 1852, that she drew her doctor's notice one day to a letter she had written which was lying sealed on the table. 'That is for the Duke,' she said, and asked him to post it. The doctor was silent; then he faltered that 'he thought it had better be postponed.' At last he broke to her the frightful truth which she must have been almost the only person in England to ignore nearly a fortnight after the great cortège to St. Paul's Cathedral. With what a terrible crumbling of obstinately cherished hopes she listened we can only faintly understand. She remained after his departure, she has recorded, 'as if riveted to my seat and speechless.' And in that posture she fades out of our sight, her absurdities cloaked in the dignity of grief.

Mr. Leonard Woolf, writing in *The Nation and the Athenæum,* is impressed by the strangeness of the whole business: —

The Duke wrote to Miss Jenkins 390 letters, but his meetings with her were extremely few. His letters are extraordinarily characteristic — short, metallic, and with a half-smiling irony which poor Miss Jenkins never seems to have understood. She — poor woman — bombarded him with a ceaseless hail of letters of inordinate length, in undecipherable handwriting and unending sentences of religious jargon and personal complaints. He had asked her to live with him as his mistress; he had sealed a letter with a plain seal instead of a coronet; he had not answered her letters immediately upon receipt; he had offered her 'an unwarrantable insult' by misunderstanding an ununderstandable and undecipherable rigmarole about her guardian and a loan as a request that he would lend her money.

The psychology of Miss Jenkins is fairly clear. She hoped to save the Duke's soul, but she combined her mission with the fantastic hope, never quite abandoned, that she would become the Duchess of Wellington. Wellington's behavior is more mysterious. One must assume that he began the acquaintanceship with the intention of

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indulging in a rather bizarre flirtation. He must have soon discovered that he had got the *bizarrerie* without the flirtation. Why then did he continue it for seventeen years? Miss Jenkins must have been an intolerable nuisance to him. Although he was an old man between seventy and eighty, working often sixteen or eighteen hours a day, she insisted upon his reading her voluminous letters and acknowledging them at once. And he did so. Every now and again there comes a letter: 'Under these Circumstances the Duke would earnestly recommend to Miss J. not to write to Him again'; followed by 'In order to avoid disappointment he now tells her that he will write no more.'

But always, somehow or other, he is induced to begin the correspondence again. I think that the explanation probably is that the strangeness of the whole business appealed to and amused him. However exasperating Miss J. may be, his letters retain their tone of rather icy and latent amusement. At the same time, they show him to have been an extraordinarily kind man; he could not hurt even Miss J. by not answering her letters.

'Why on earth did he take the trouble?' one naturally asks, considering the pains the old soldier took to write so many letters and read so many more. Miss Jenkins was an attractive young thing, in the beginning at least; she was undeniably amusing, without always intending it; very likely she contrived to 'do good' to the Duke — but it is hard to imagine anyone submitting to have good done to him for seventeen years.

Moreover, Miss Jenkins was a good deal of a bore. She was quarrelsome. Her letters were insufferably pious. She was eternally standing on her dignity — sometimes with good reason, sometimes without any reason at all. If the Duke signed a letter with an initial only, the lady was offended. She objected to a plain seal. She did n't stamp her letters. She was n't always legible. And having all the time in the world at her disposal she wrote with incredible frequency and at intolerable length. The impeccably Platonic nature of the attachment was not altogether to the Duke's liking, it would appear, and yet they never permanently broke off the correspondence. Occasionally the letters lag. There are several long breaks. But sooner or later the ceaseless flow of epistles back and forth begins again.

Probably the conqueror of Napoleon found it a rather diverting business at first — but fancy seventeen years of correspondence with a religious crank! Why did the Duke keep on writing? The reviewer of the *Literary Supplement* frankly gives it up: —

> The Duke of Wellington wrote the letters to Miss Jenkins because — well, that is a question which, in his probably rare introspective moods, he must sometimes have put to himself without getting any very satisfying answer. The obvious reply, that it was his routine to answer in his own hand every communication that was addressed to him, would scarcely cover so prolonged and curious a correspondence as this. Renouncing the search for motives, we had better keep to the plain facts.

C. K. Shorter, in the *Sphere*, sympathizes with the critics of an earlier generation, who doubted the authenticity of the letters. 'The correspondence would seem incredible were it not so well authenticated.' As for the motives on both sides, he finds them fairly simple: —

> Miss Jenkins — or Miss J. — it is clear, wanted to be the Duke's second wife, not from vulgar ambition, but because she saw in such a union opportunity of evangelical propaganda. The Duke, finding her very young and pretty, wished to philander — and nothing more.
>
> And so there is a sequence of letters running over seventeen years, in which the pair quarrel continually, but make it up. The Duke wrote in all 390 letters to Miss Jenkins; she must have written a couple of thousand to him. The correspondence would seem incredible were it not so well authenticated, and I recommend this new edition of it to a younger generation.

✠

BOOKS MENTIONED

BROADBENT, HENRY. *Leviora*. London: Spottiswoode, Ballantyne. *2s.*

MORTON, J. B. *Tally Ho!* London: Cecil Palmer. *5s.*

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MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"I AM speaking from the grave," wrote Mark Twain in the preface to his autobiography, and cast aside reserve, leaving this extraordinary manuscript with the most solemn injunction that it should not be published until long after he was "dead and unaware and indifferent."

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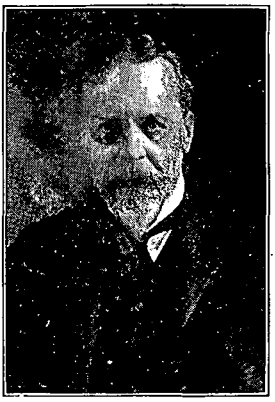

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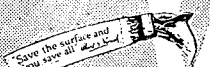

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Walter Lincoln Whittlesey has written an amusing piece of autobiography, being memories of presidential campaigns which took place during his childhood. "Kids and Campaigns" in the November number of Scribner's Magazine will perhaps recall to you that "them was the good old days."

* * *

And Edmund Lester Pearson has been digging again in his library.

His library is also New York's Public Library so he has a good many books to browse in.

This time his researches have brought forth a delightful essay "Temperance Novels." The illustrations alone are worth the price of admission.

And if you have ever seen "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," this essay of Mr. Pearson's is a necessity for your complete enjoyment of life.

* * *

You see we are cultivating a policy of understatement in these pages.

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Tom Whitfield made a specialty of high-powered motor cars, high-powered airplanes, and high-powered women.

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And Isa Urquhart Glenn contributes a story of one of the weird places of the earth, "The Coffee-Cooler."

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"Finding Is Keeping" is the story of a circus treasurer and a small-town maiden. There are various complications emanating from the circus. And — W. Edson Smith is the author.

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"The White Monkey" is one of John Galsworthy's popular successes. It nears its conclusion in the November number of Scribner's Magazine and the threads of this remarkable story of youth and life are drawn together.

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"Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play" is a new impression of the theatre by Brander Matthews, a prominent dramatic authority who returns again to the theatre, after an absence of fifteen years.

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Lovers of American art will welcome "The Field of Art" by Royal Cortissoz this month for he answers the questions of many of his correspondents on the subject.

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And William Lyon Phelps talks of the sea and books of the sea, of cigars and the study of the classics, and of various combats and agreements with his followers.

* * *

Fiction, the theatre, the arts, as well as vigorous, sincere, interesting articles on questions of the here and now, and of the here and tomorrow, are contained in this November number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

And there is more — much more — to come in Scribner's Magazine.

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